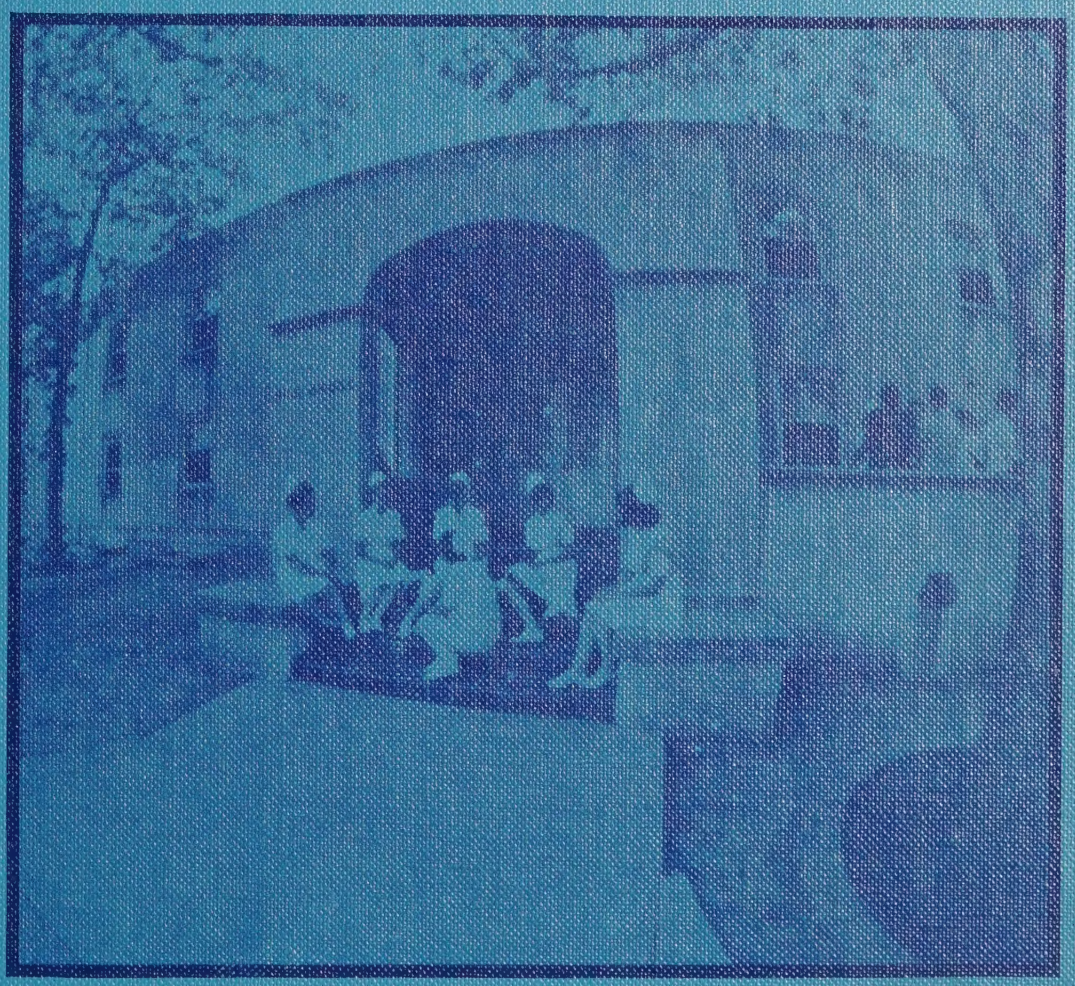
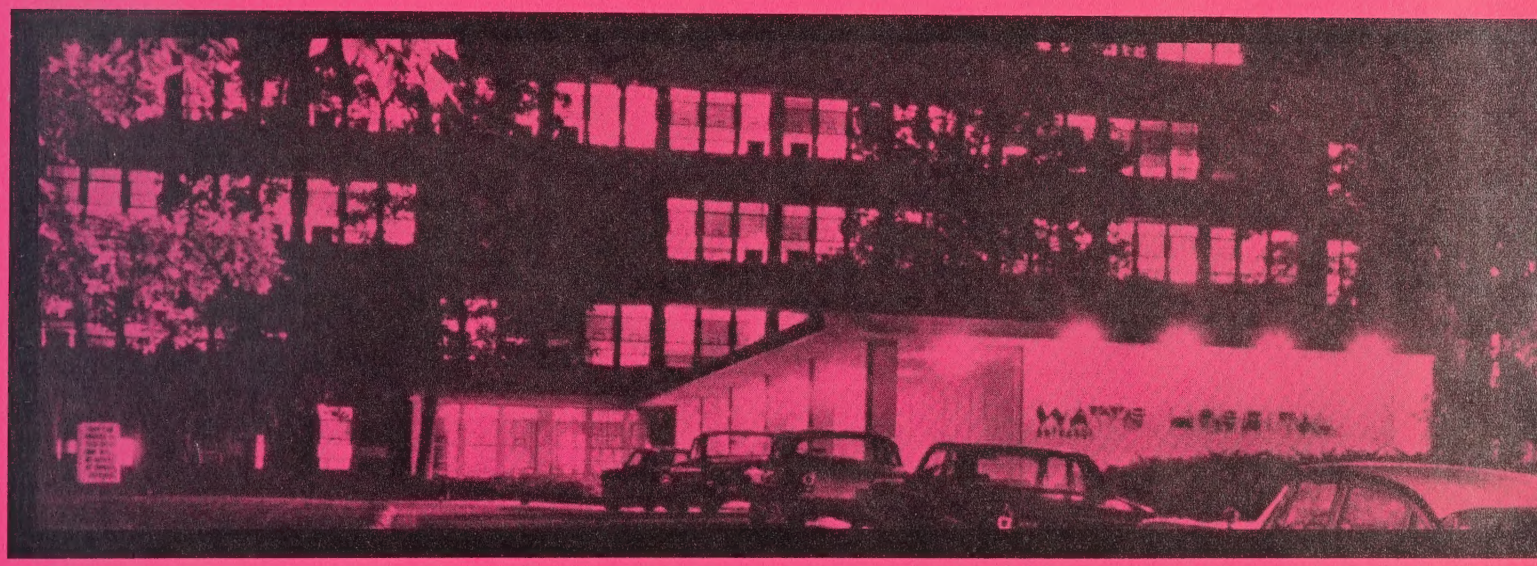
white cap 1971



watts nursing school

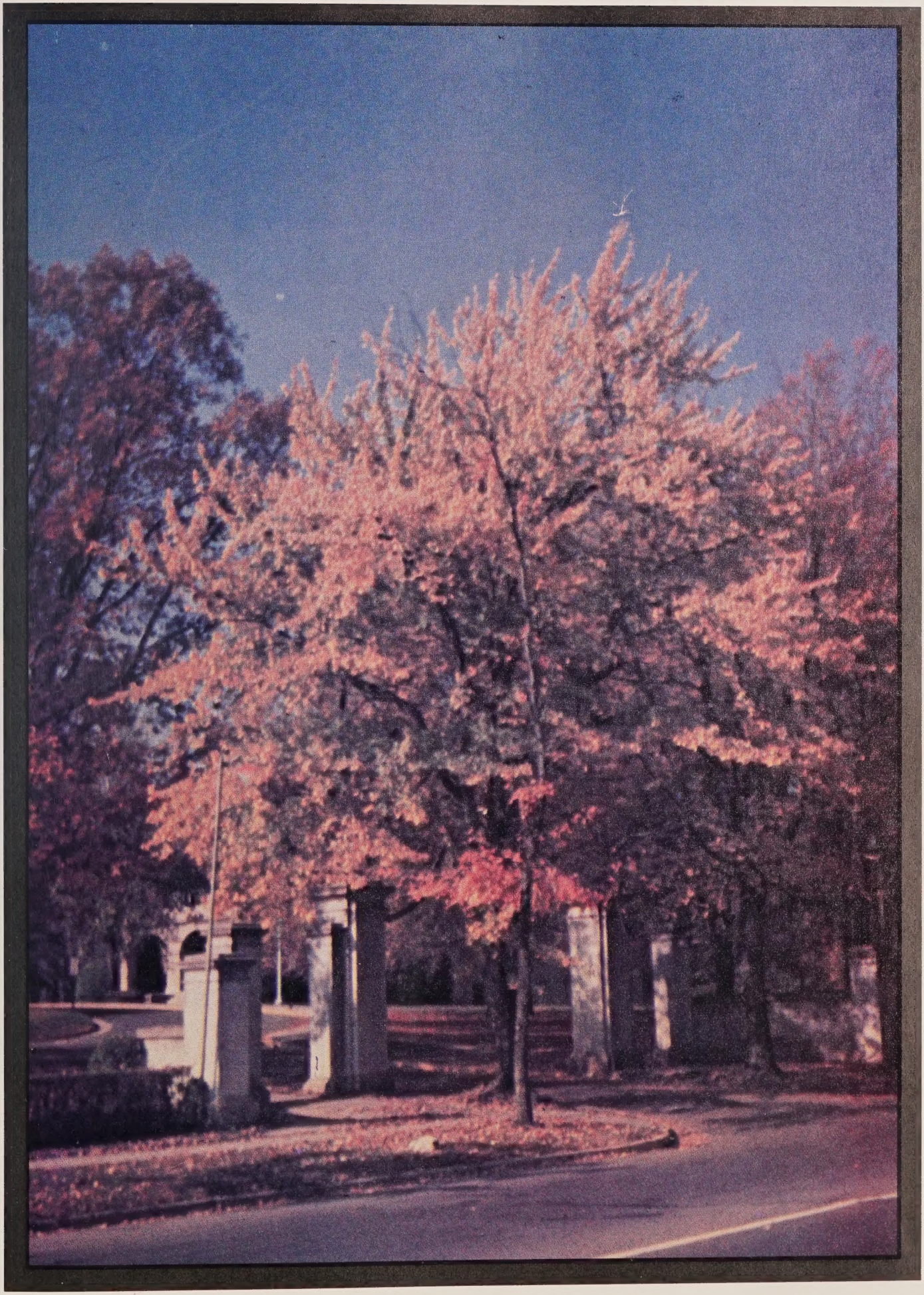
Watts Hospital School of Nursing



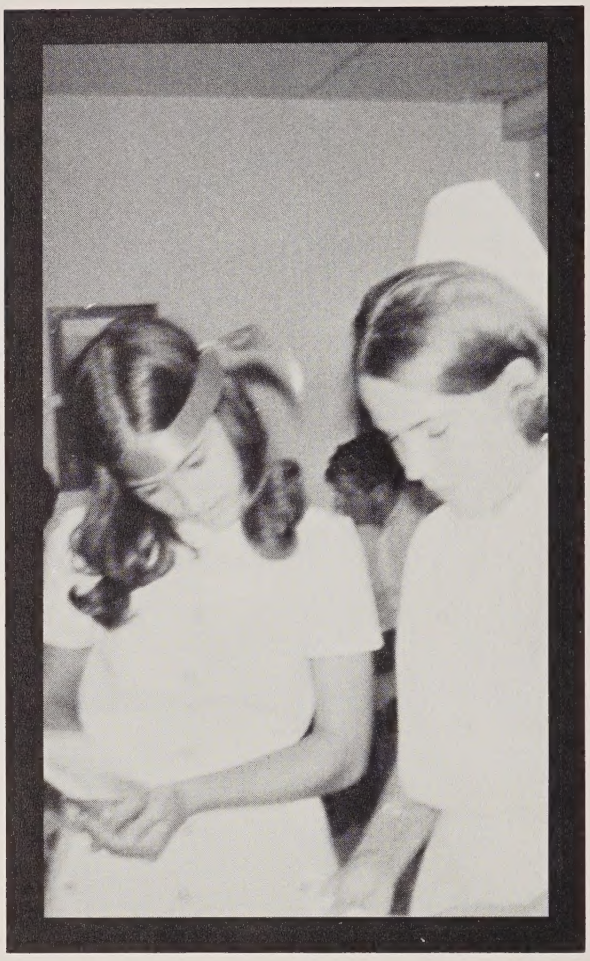
1971 White Cap 1971

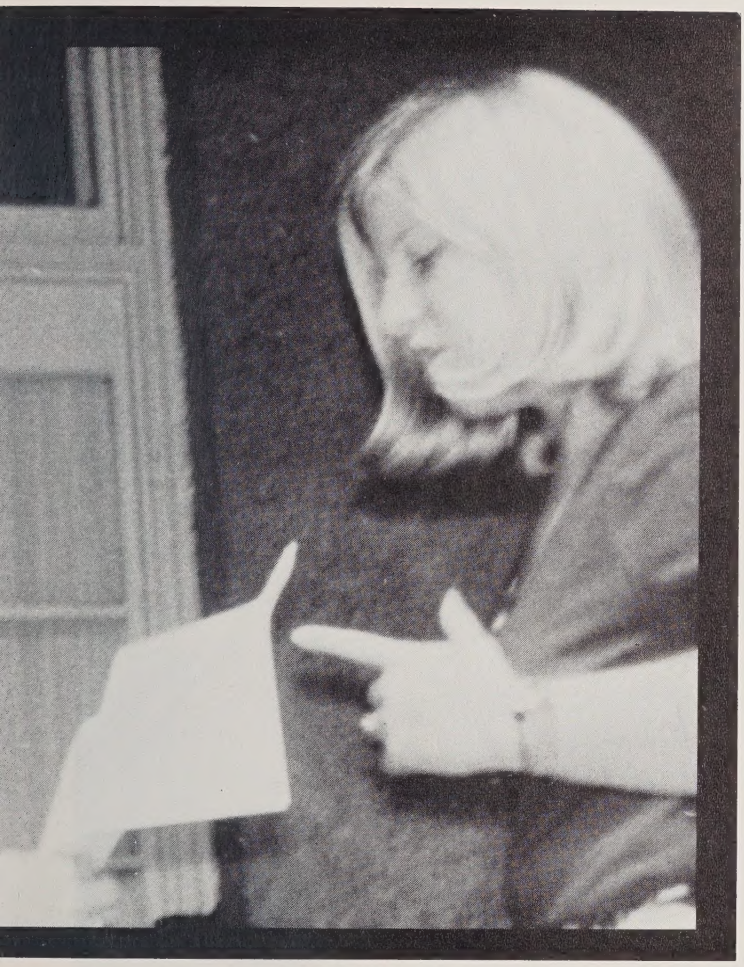
To every man there opens
a high way and a low way

And every man decides
the way that he shall go.



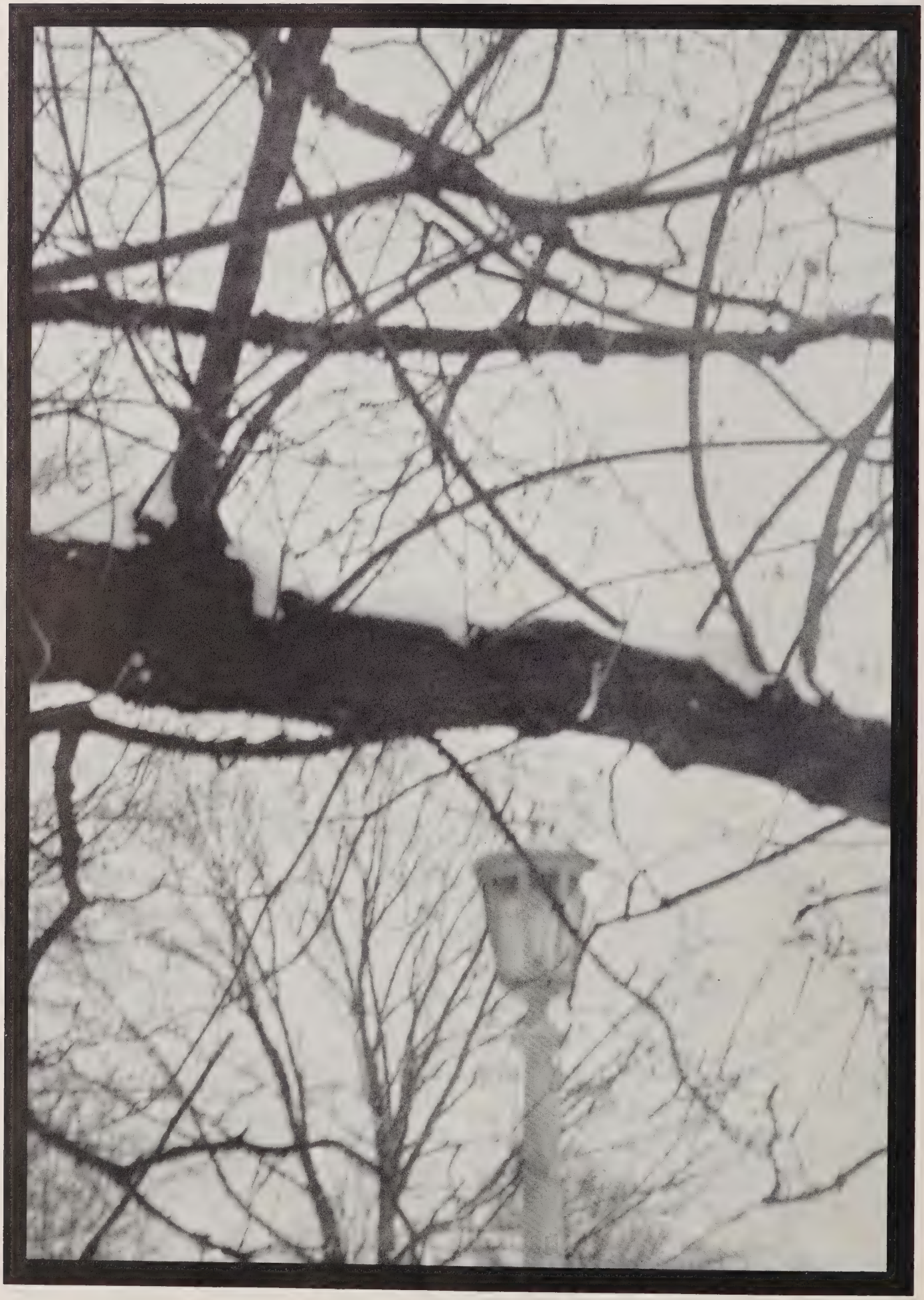
Girls all
around
in white
and
blue
Who are they
What do
they mean
A strange
new world . . .

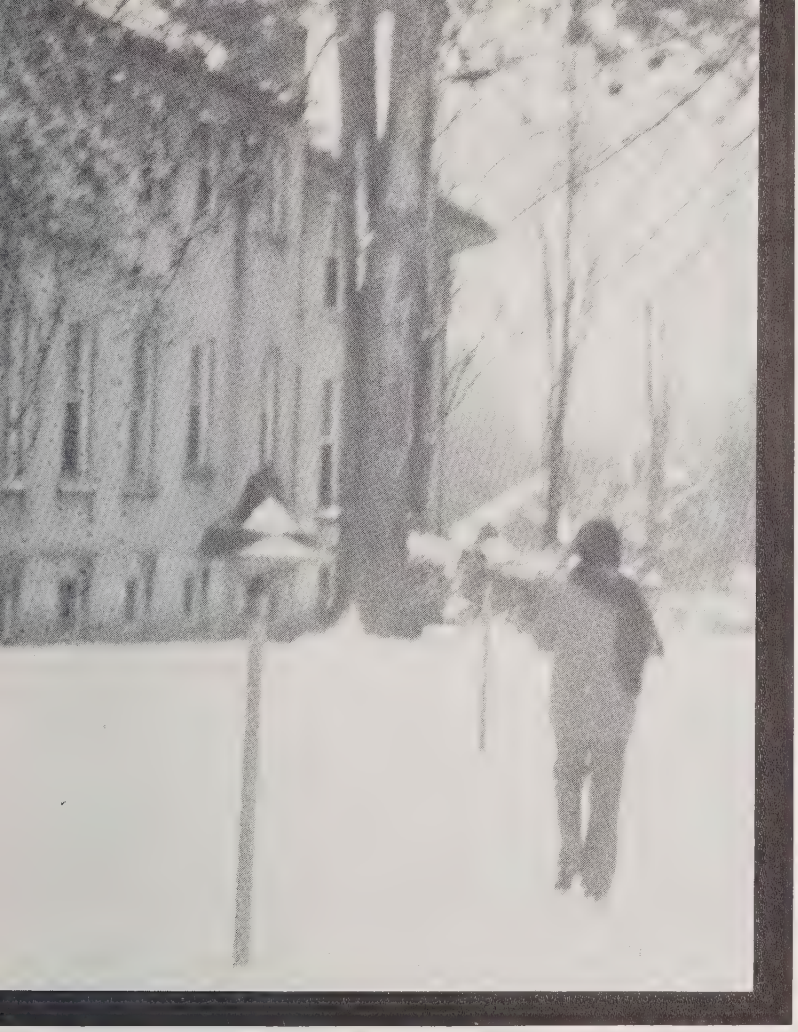




We've
only
just
begun

Spring will
chase us
through the summer
into fall
and find us
beached upon
some snowy shore
waiting for
the spring
to come again.



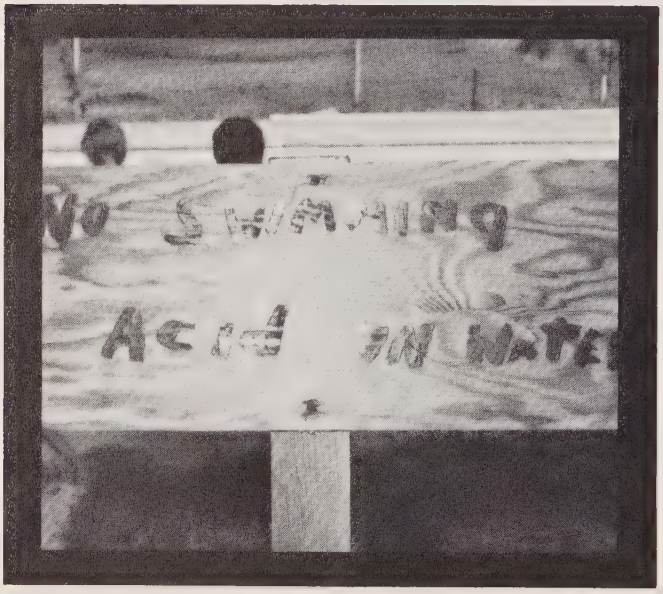


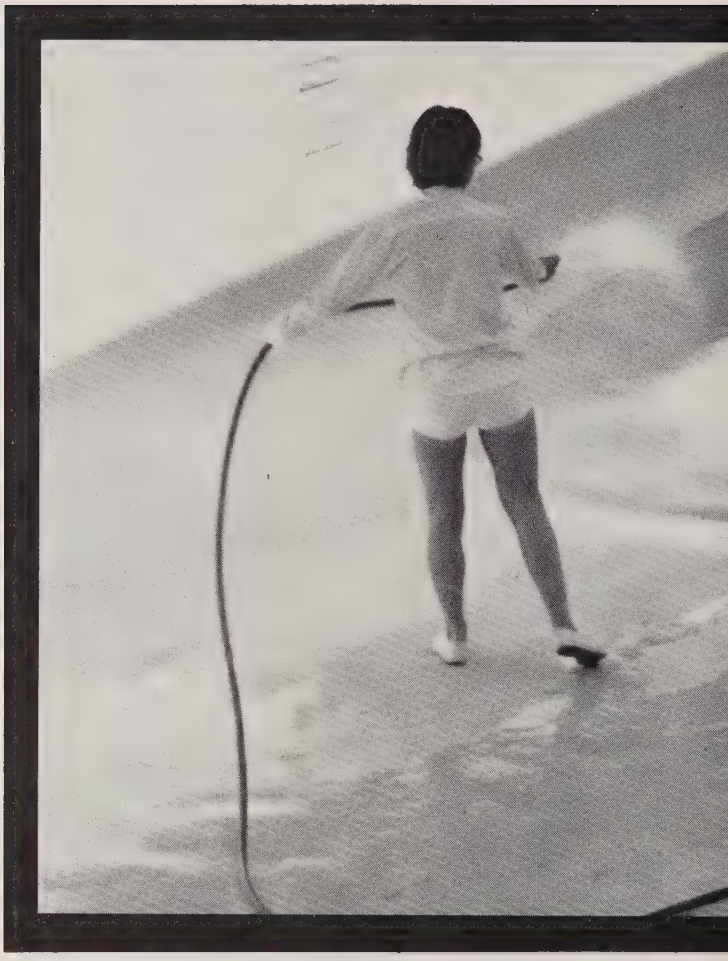
For Yesterday
is but
a Dream
And tomorrow
is only
a Vision;
But To-day
well-lived
makes every
Yesterday
a Dream
of Happiness
And every
Tomorrow
a Vision
of Hope
Look well
therefore
to this
Day

What
sunshine
is to
flowers
Smiles
are to
humanity

Then gingerly
We'll go
through
jonquils
to seek out
others summers.
Birthday to

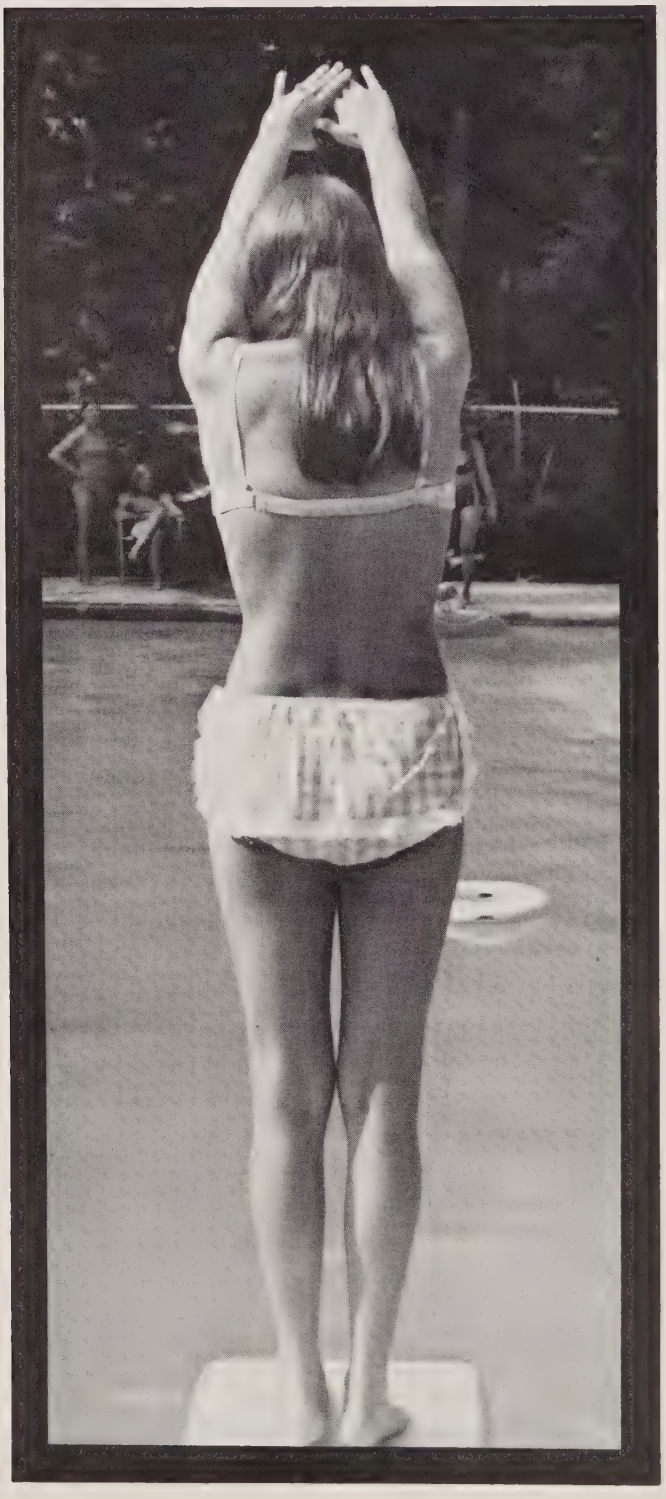
Birthday,
season to
season
every hour
will be an
anniversary
of the hour
just past.





Those who bring
sunshine
to the lives
of others

cannot keep
it from
themselves.



September 23

First Day
Big Sisters
Ribbons
PZK
We love you Seniors . . .
Initiation!

What's it all about?
What's going on? Ribbons;
a handful of papers;
Big Sisters; white caps,
caps with black bands,
I ask you what's going on?
The girl with the black
band said "you'll
understand one day."
I hope so.

We Can't Forget . . .

Initiation

Anatomy at 7:30 Saturday morning

Chemistry

Learning not to be so modest

Our first Christmas Caroling

Class meetings

"Charlie Brown" play

First cigarette

Getting along with your roommate

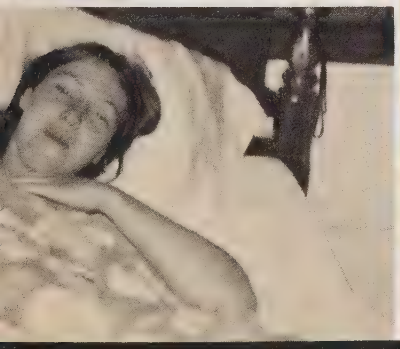
Miss Chase

Nude pictures in the shower

Closed study

"You know what those Seniors did . . .!"

Miss Sherron's "Did you sign out" look



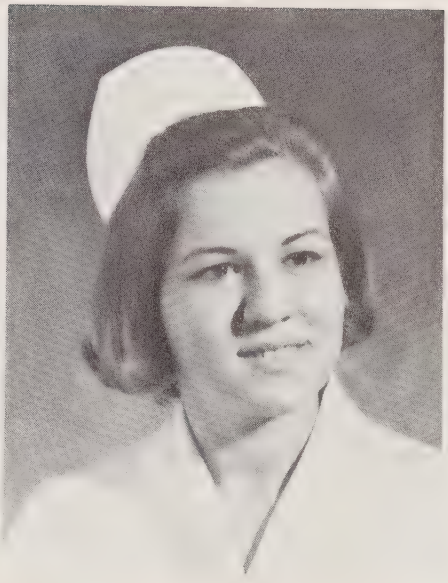
Freshmen Class of 1973

Officers: Chris Parham, Pres; Vickie Rivenbark, Vice-Pres.; Renee Stancill, Sec.; Evelyn Yount, Treas.

Mrs. Karen Perkins
Class Sponsors: Mrs. Penny Holloway

Anneke Algra

Anne Allsbrook



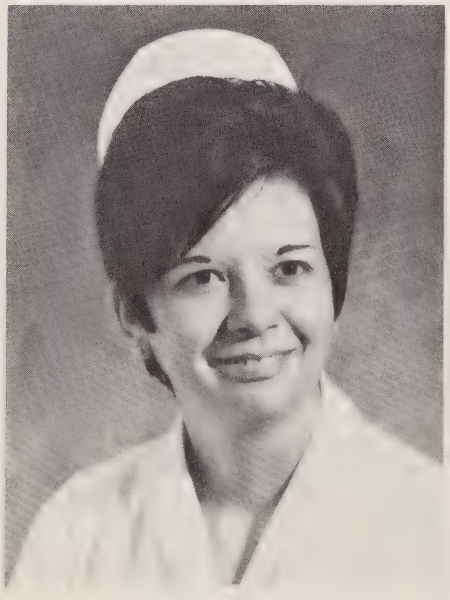
Brenda Blackwood

Judy Bowling

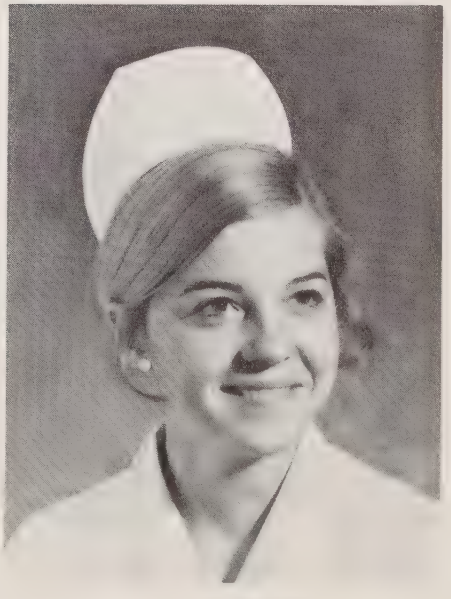
Anne Carter

Rachel Carter

Susan Clark

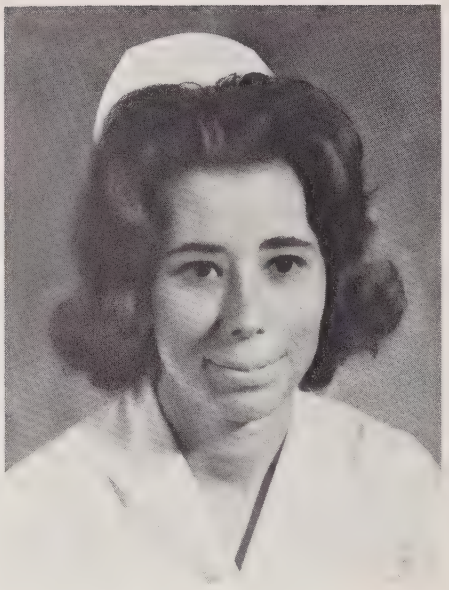


LaRue Daniel



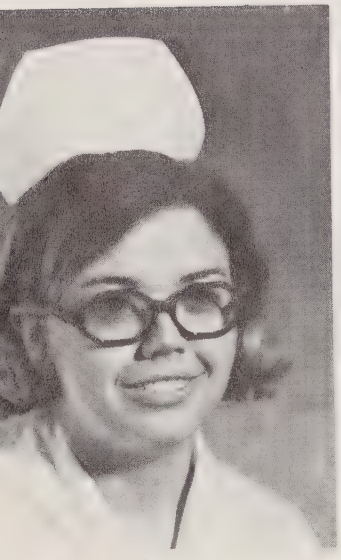
Anne Denning

Joan Deschenes

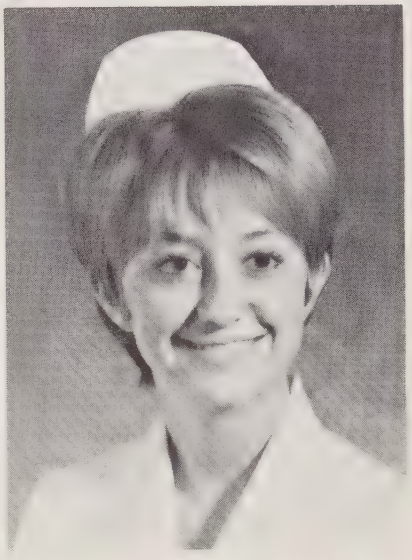


Toni Elder

Carol Filicky



Vickie Gattis



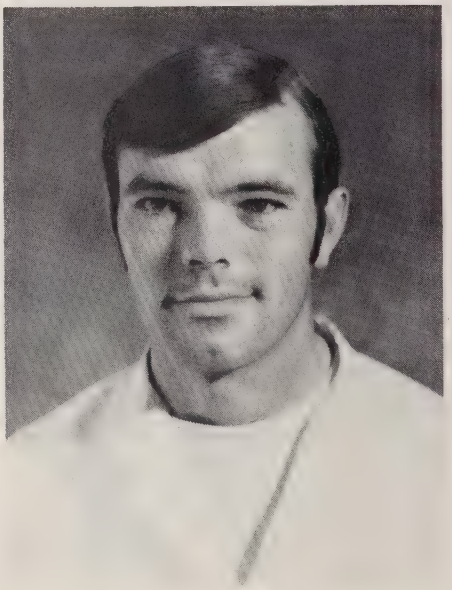
Diane Hall

Phyllis Harris

Linda Hill

Janice Jones

Francis Liverman



Eugene McCain

Patricia Menius

Lynn Norfolk

Judy Oates

Phyllis O'Briant

Chris Parham

Helen Pattishall

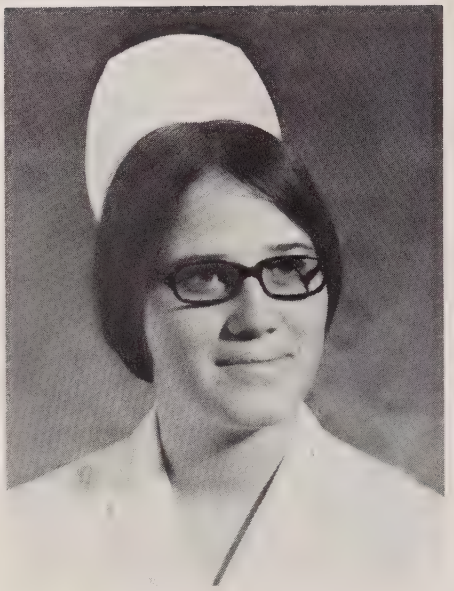
Mary Beth Pender

Debbie Pendergrass

Jo Pierce

Joanne Ray

Vickie Rivenbark



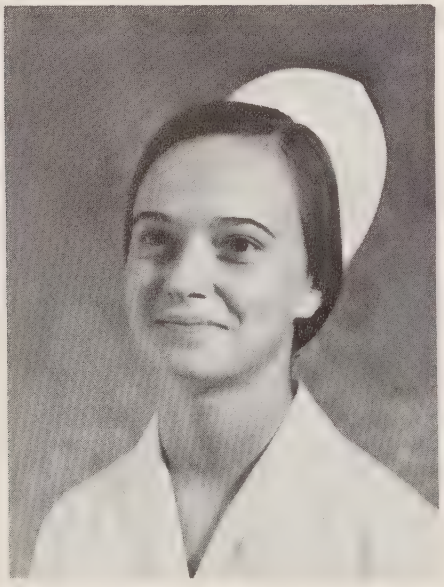
Linda Shelton

Karen Smith

Renee Stancill

Nancy Wade

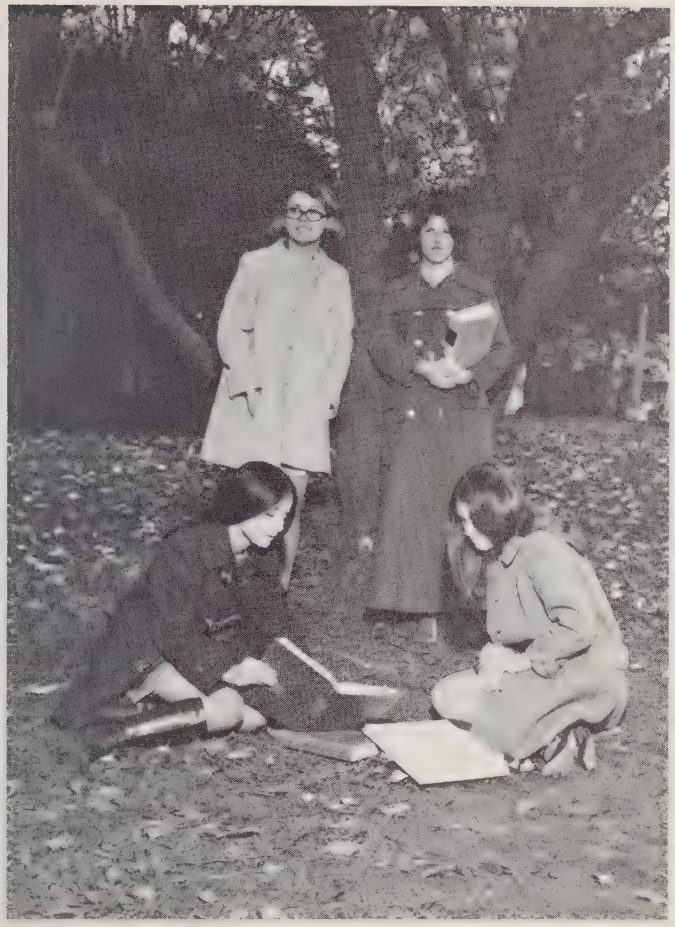
Debbie Wallace



Dot Ward

Edie Whitfield

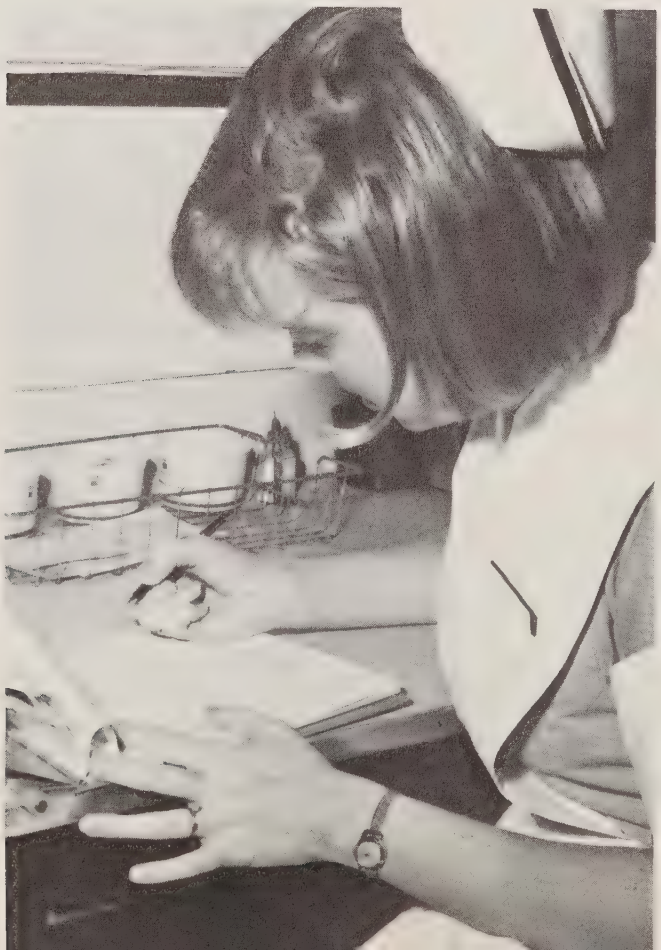
Evelyn Yount



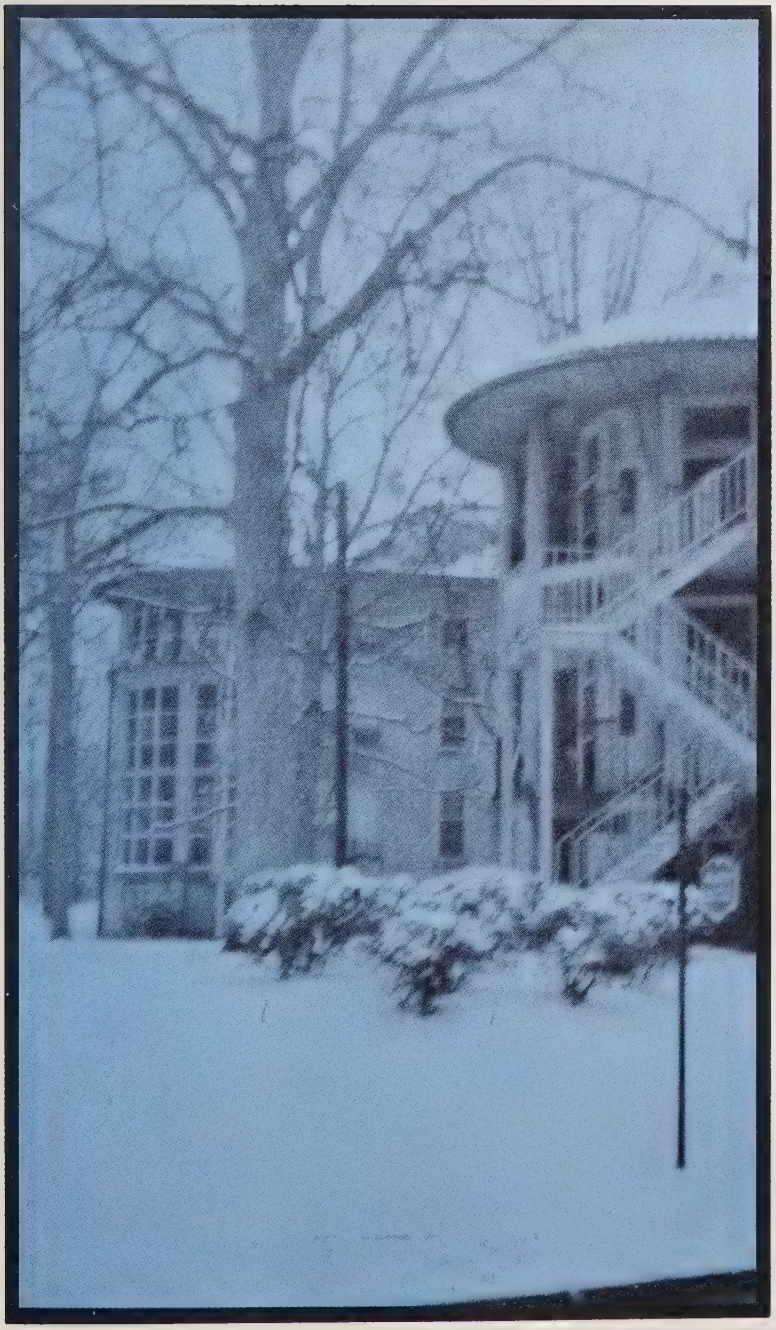
I am rich today, a baby ran to meet me,
And put her tiny hand within my own
And smiled, her rosy lips a flower,
The light within her eyes, from heaven shone.
And when I crossed the fields the birds were singing,
A golden blossom in my pathway lay,
It wasn't much; but, oh, the joy there's in it,
To have a baby smile at you
In just that way.

Senior Med-Surg

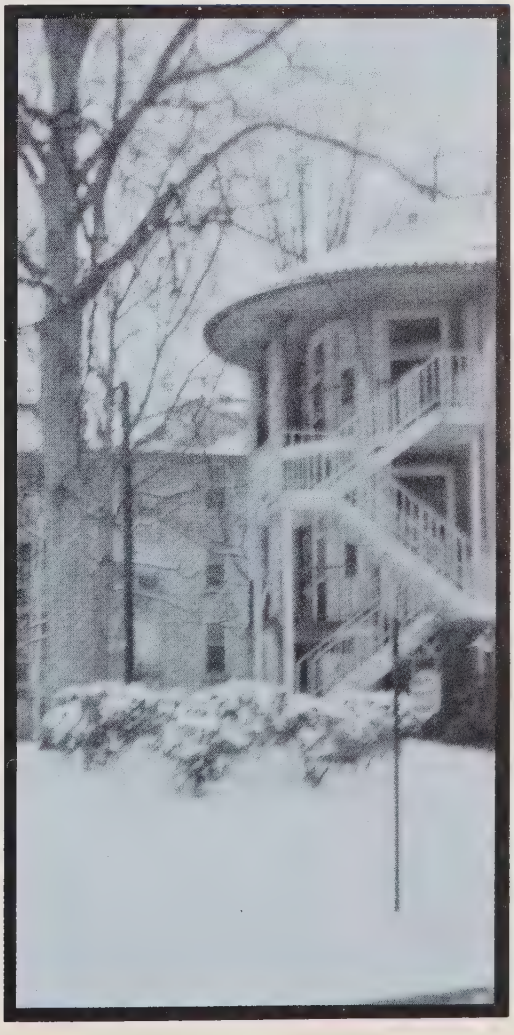
Growing, building, becoming leaders on the last road to graduation. Perfected techniques now give way to our own planning and responsibility in nursing. We take on the role of our sister RN's and find it uncomfortable at first, but very fitting to us as we add the last lines to our blueprint.



Oneness — being one with the world around us gives our job deeper meaning . . .



December 22



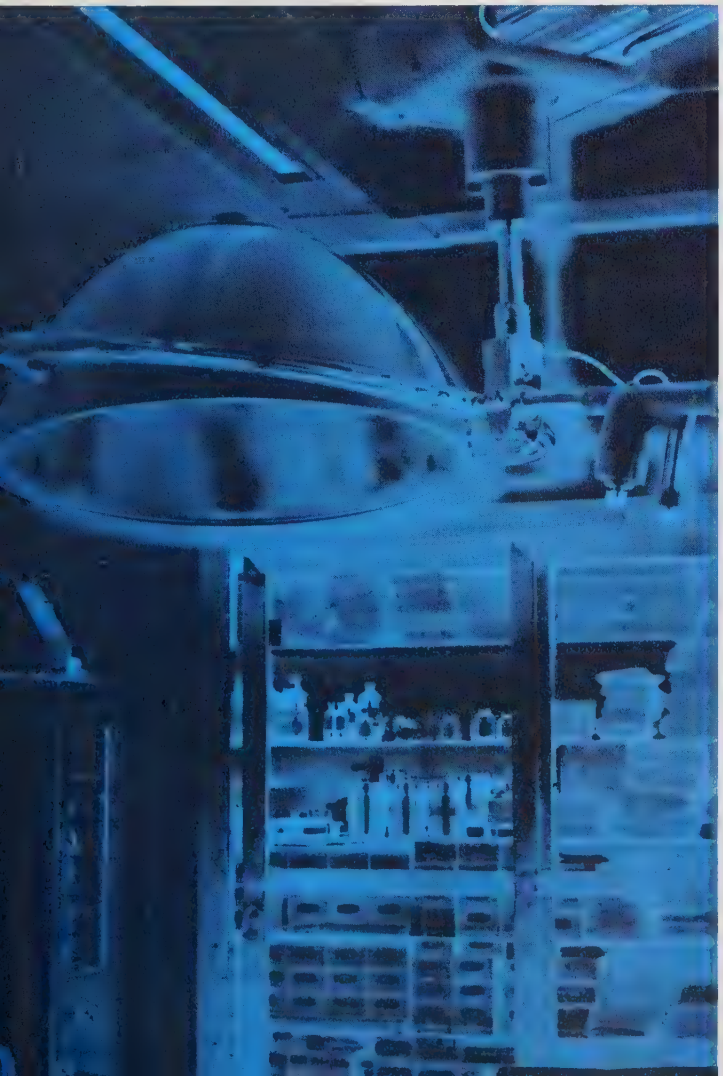
Psychiatry

How does one break through emotional boundaries that keep him locked within himself?
How can he trust when he isn't trusted?
How can he talk when no one seems to listen?
How can he ever be himself?

You may have cares and duties
There are dozens of things to be done
But don't let the day come to an end
Without some laughter and fun.

It is not just as we take it,
This mystical world of ours,
Life's field will yield as we make it
A harvest of thorns or of flowers.

—Goethe



The first few months are spent in preparation for the first patient. Practicing procedures, studying diseases, learning about meds. and how to give them, giving the first injection. All of this information stuffed into her head the freshman looks forward to her first patient with excitement and apprehension. The day comes and is over. As each day of experience passes she becomes more self-assured but tinges of anxiety creep back in. She grows each day and she is becoming a nurse. She puts the first unsteady lines on her blueprint which grow bolder with time.

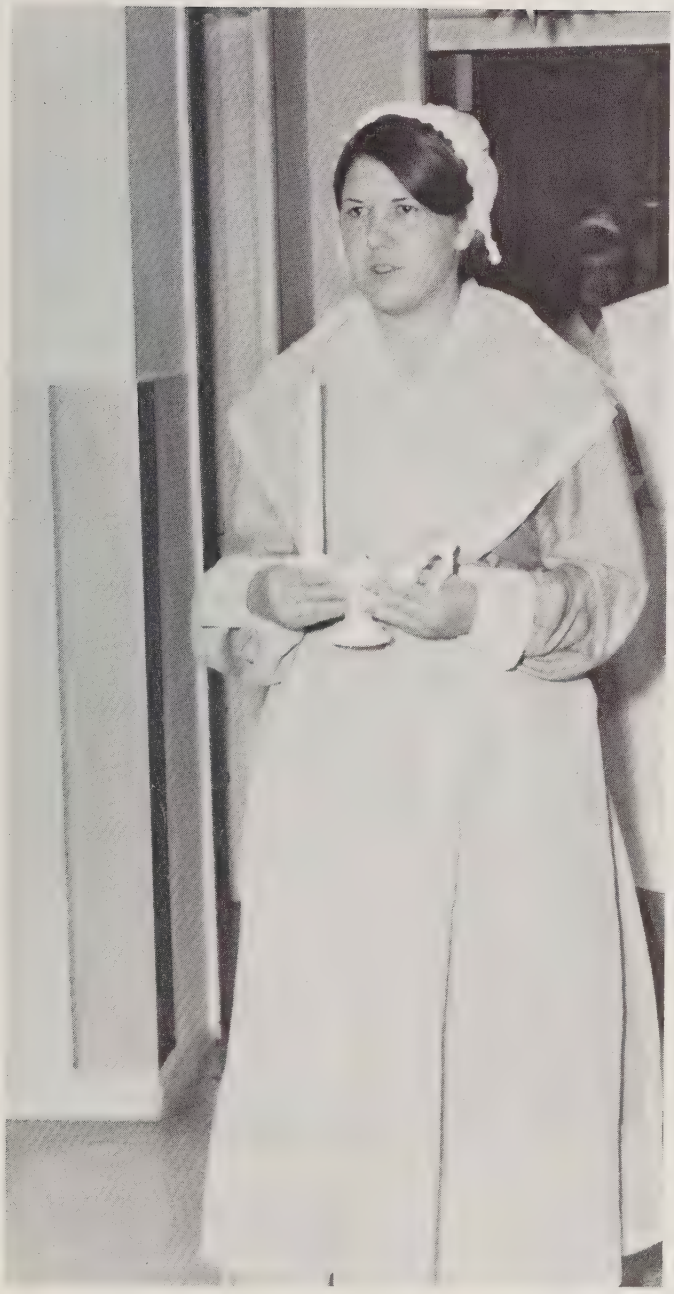
Come what may, time and the hour runs thru the roughest day.

CHRISTMAS DANCE

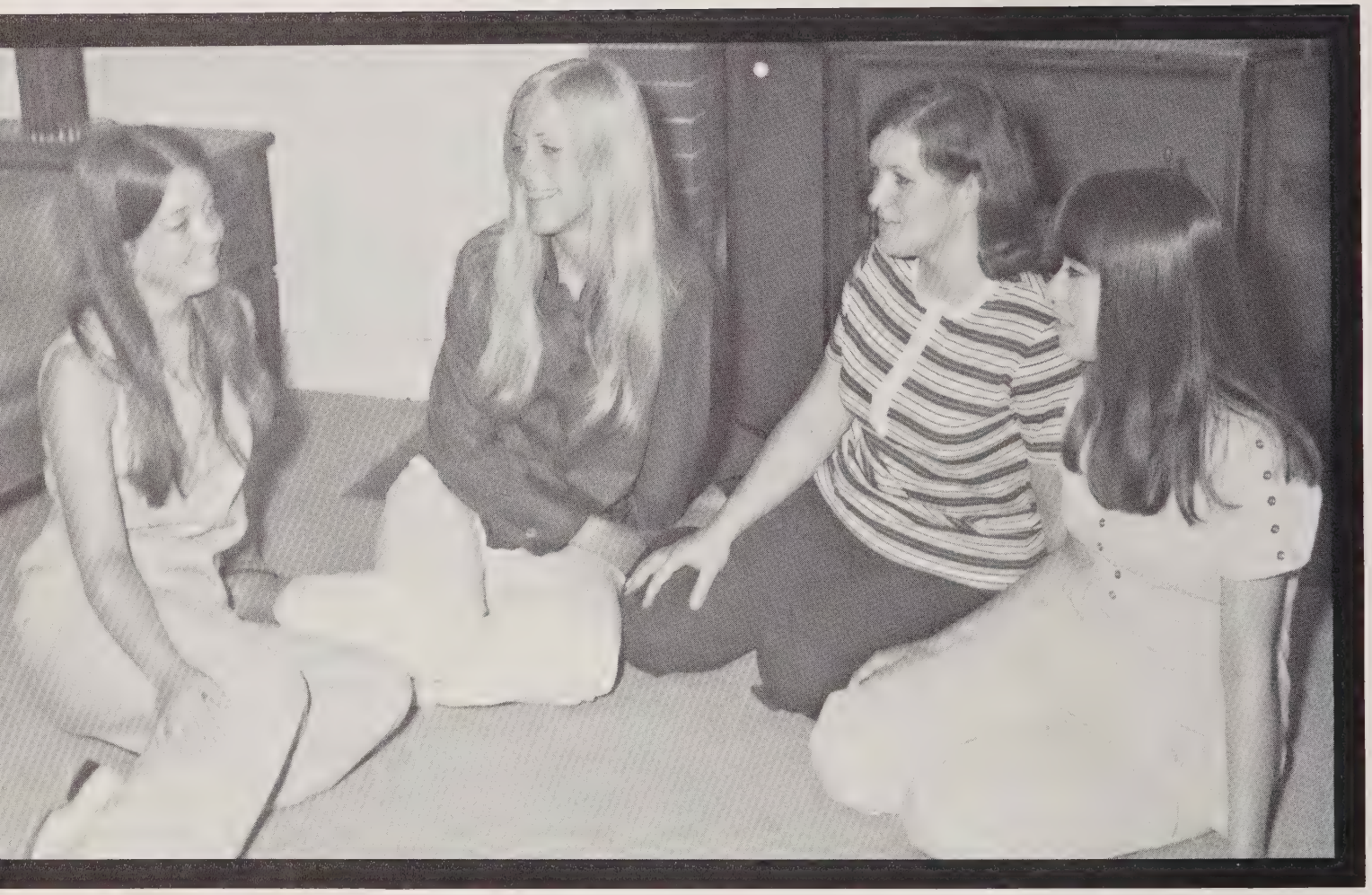
The Christmas formal is one of the two big events of the year. After months of school without much recreation, we take advantage of the chance for a big blast.

Christmas Caroling
Freshmen who have heard about caroling, juniors who have been before, seniors caroling for the last time go with sad hearts.

We're not professional by any means, the emotions are real. Tears fog words on a carol book and laughter is the tone for the after party. We exchange gifts, wish each a Merry Christmas and hurry to leave for the holidays at home.



Juniors
Class
of
1972



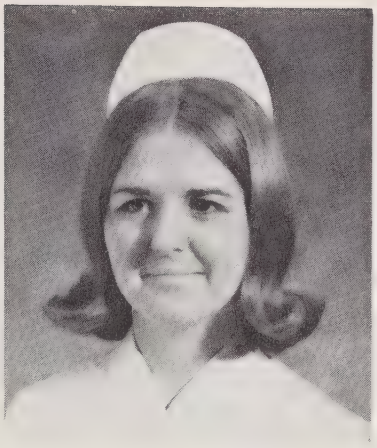
Officers: Gail Wester, Pres.; Nancy Weir, Vice-Pres.; Debbie Clark, Sec.; Peggy Dawson, Treas.

Sponsors: Mrs. Marie Robeson,
Miss Betty Faulkner

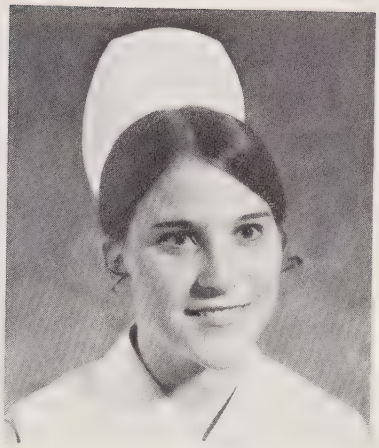
Motto: When seeing eyes which yearn for help and hearing cries of despair; run eagerly for it with arm outstretched and a hungry heart.

Class Flower: White Rose

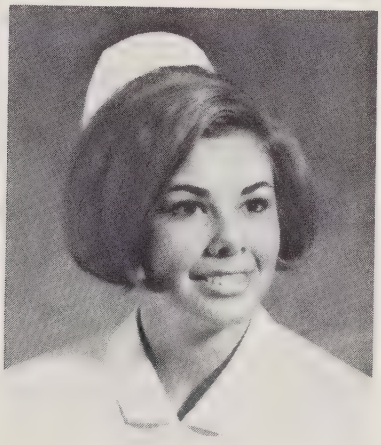
Kathy Absalom



Teresa Bolick

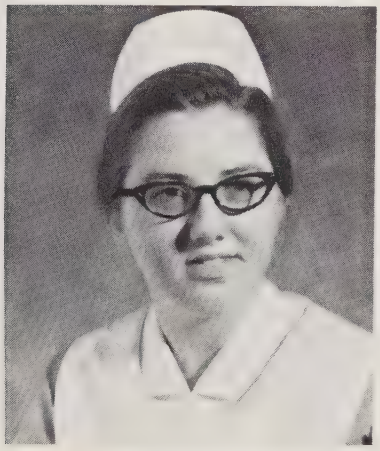


Anne Bomberger



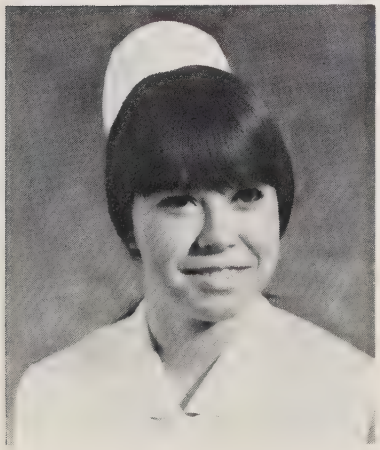
Claudia Chandler

Debbie Clark



Mary Coleman

Vickie Crutchfield



Peggy Dawson

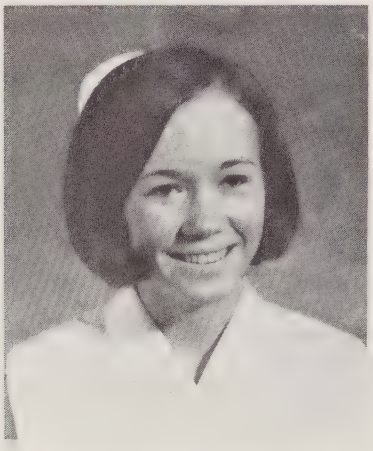
Geneva Fuller

Margaret Greeson

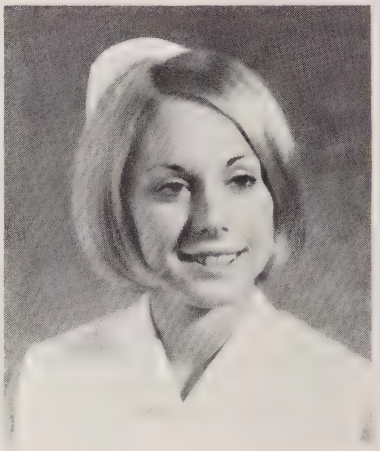
Nancy Hamm

Donna Hardison

Sue Hartley

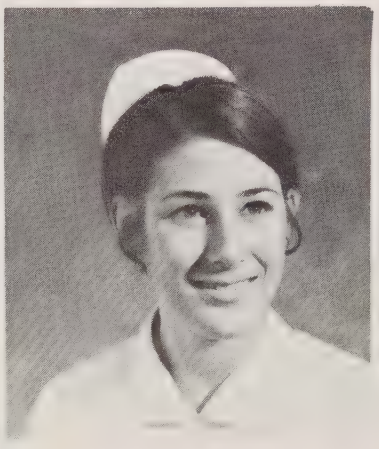


Jean Haswell



Lynn Hockett

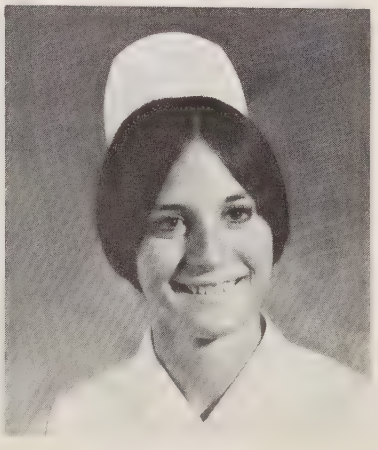
Shirley Horton



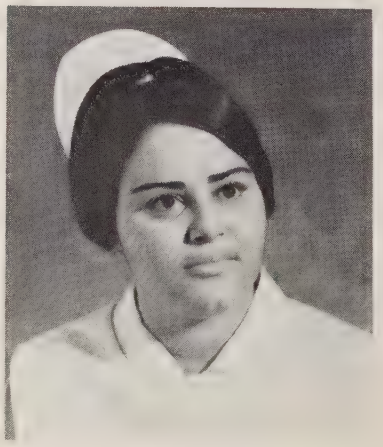
Rose Howard

Jackie Hoyle

Joan Johnson

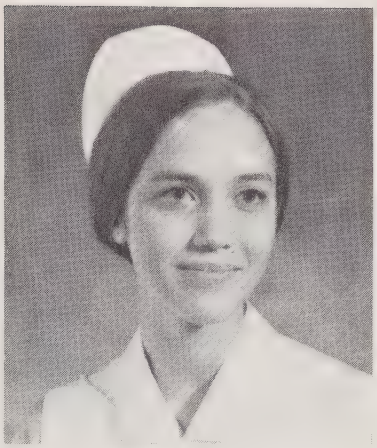


Gail Marino



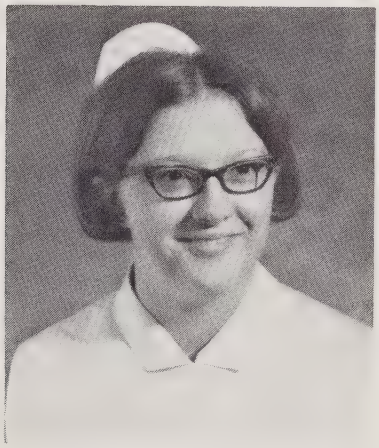
Nilsa Ocasio

Rosalin Olive



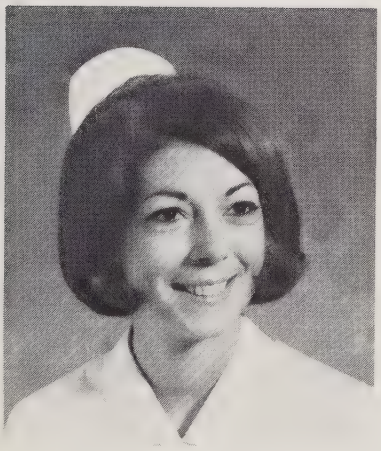
Patricia Pearce

Connie Redman



Susie Starnes

Linda Thompson



Gail Troutman

Kathy Wall

Hope Way

Nancy Weir

Gail Wester

Anne Woods

We remember . . .

Lightening and Drip

Oh Jesus—call on somebody you know

Maggot on the john x 30 min. at 5:00

Why did I come here?

Skinny dipping in the pool

Slimey and her pickles with stress in continence

I need a cigarette—gotta have a cigarette

Grits and Yankees can live together

Medical Center on Wed. night

1/3 of class engaged, 1/3 of class married, 1/3 Please God send me a man!

No money from home

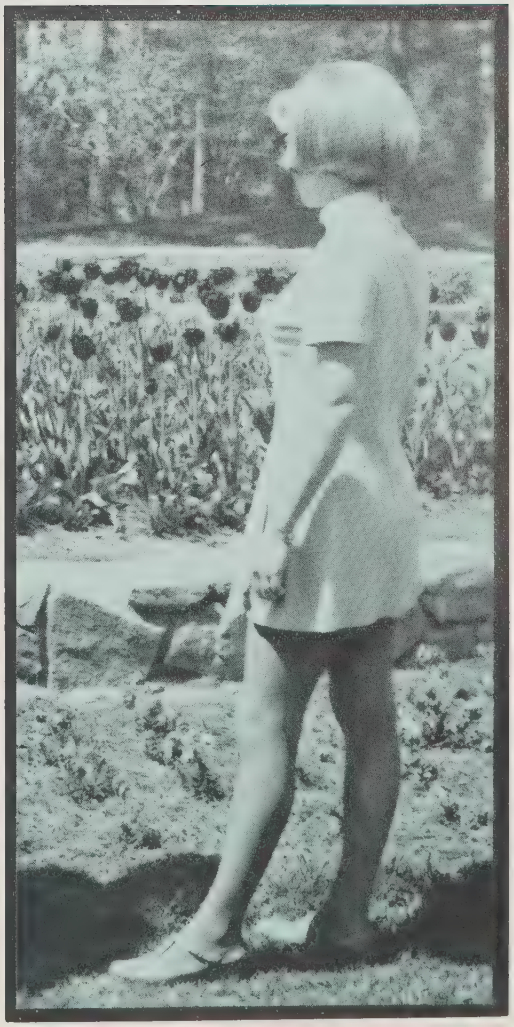
Did you sign me in? hiccup

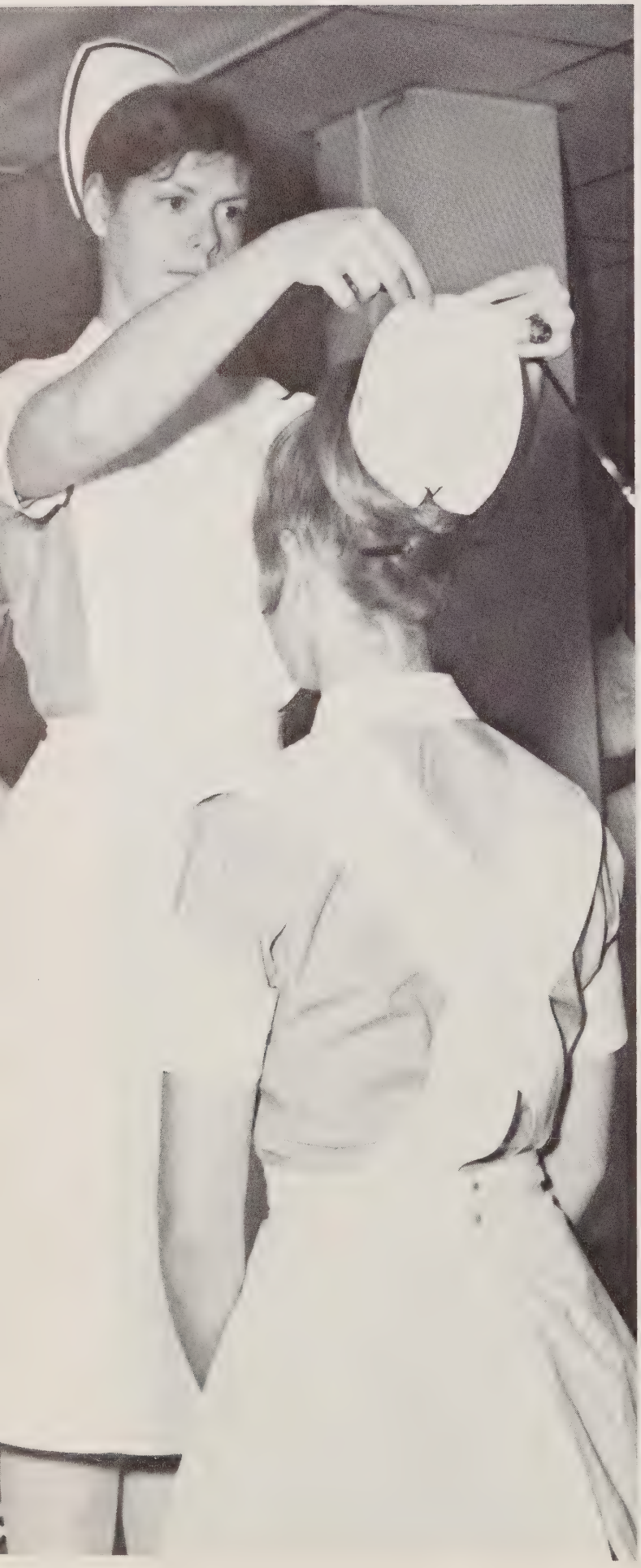
L.T.—sure as 4:00 I'll break every bone in your body!

Rosie's laugh

Super Doc with sunglasses and a flashlight to do a pelvic—"Which foot did you say it was, my dear?"

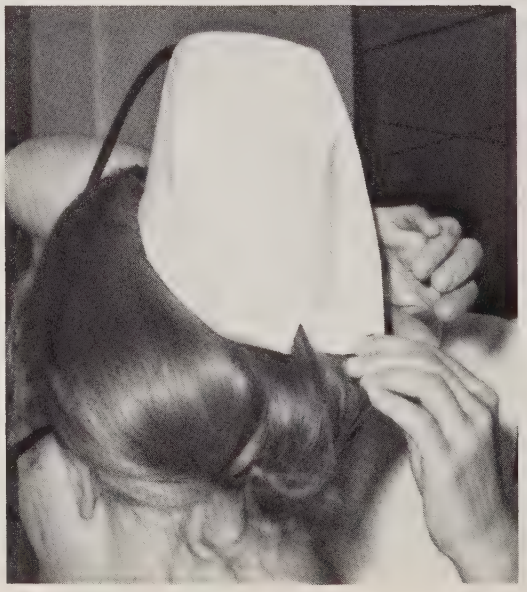
March 21



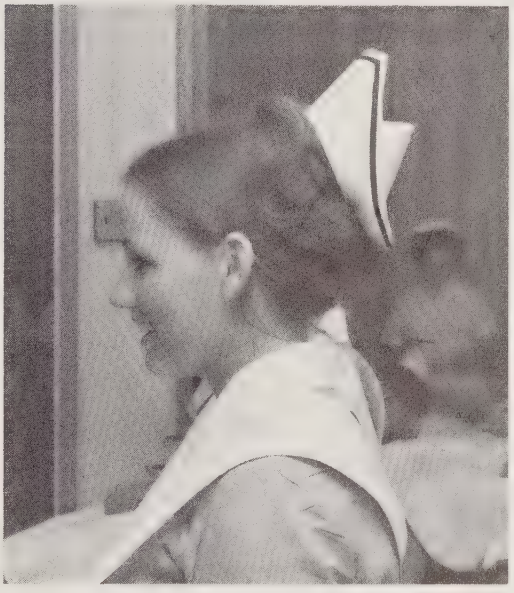


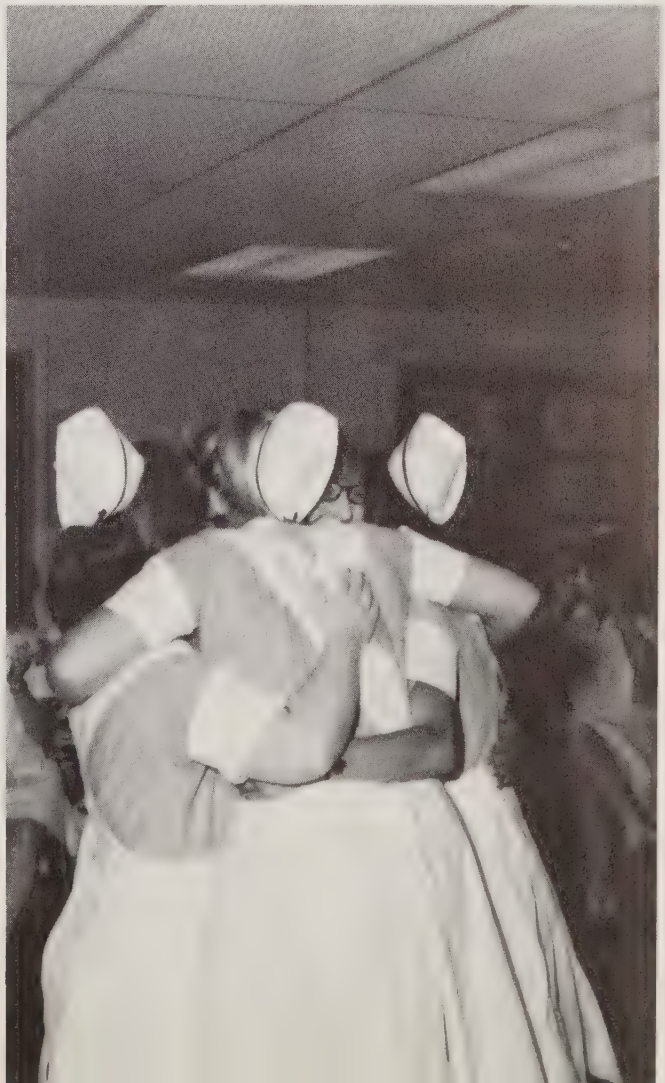
BLACK BANDING

What's so important about a black ribbon? Well, I'll tell you; I've studied and worked two years for this day. A labor of love — the tear in my Big Sister's eye tells me it is. I love her — she's leaving; hope I can fill her shoes.



Joy — an emotion of keen or lively pleasure arising from present or expected good.





Santa Filomena

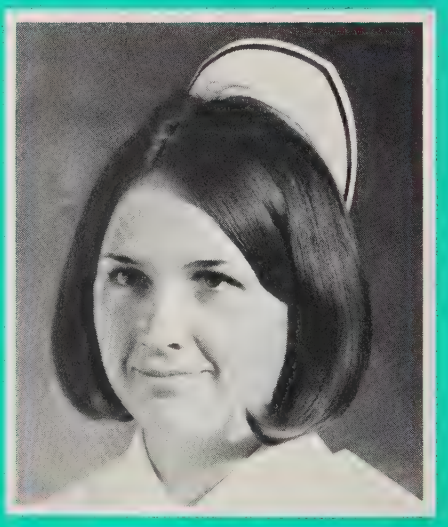
Marjorie Coward

Patricia Lee

Carolyn Hardin

Susan Lunsford

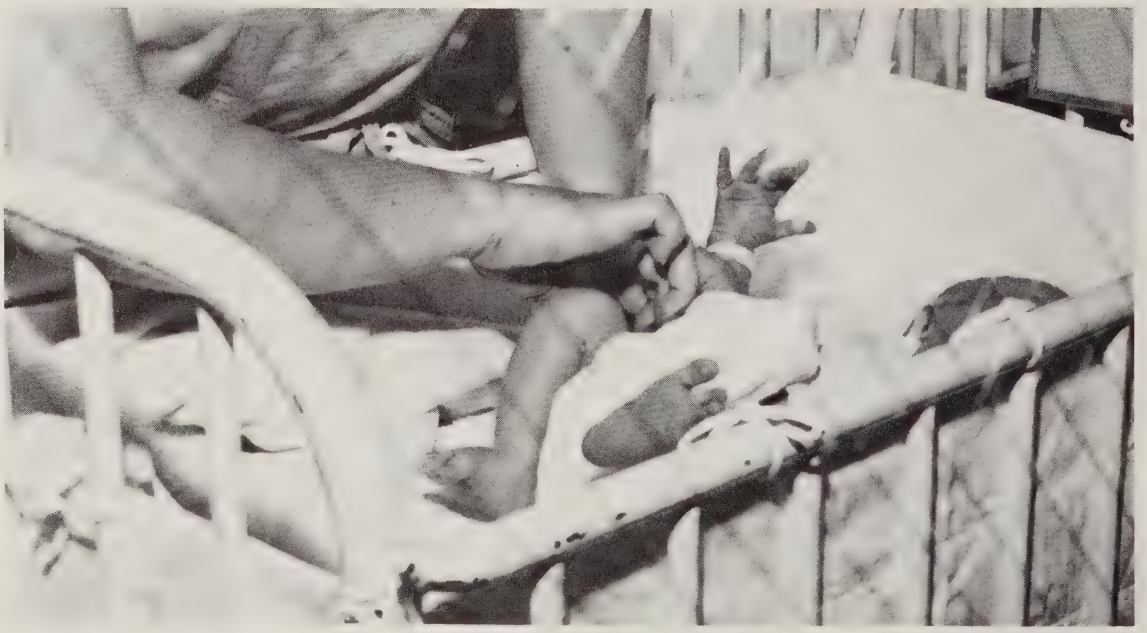
Myra Jones



Elizabeth Ward

In a darkened room a candle is lit which illuminates pride in oneself and in the eyes of others.

There is no prescribed pattern for ideal Santa Filomena. Santa Filomena should strive to develop the individual. The ideal is for each of us to develop her own interpretation of her personality and the situation she individually faces. Be aware that your viewpoint should be progressive, forward looking, open to change, but to have the foundation of the wisdom of the past members.



OBSTETRICS

We study and learn, but that's only part of OB. Teaching, reassuring, holding a frightened hand and laughing and crying with her at birth, now that's OB. It may be hours of watching, sitting at her side, and helping her but at the sound of that first little cry, we sigh, yes, it's worth it.

A perfect rose among lesser flowers

A golden moment among lesser hours.

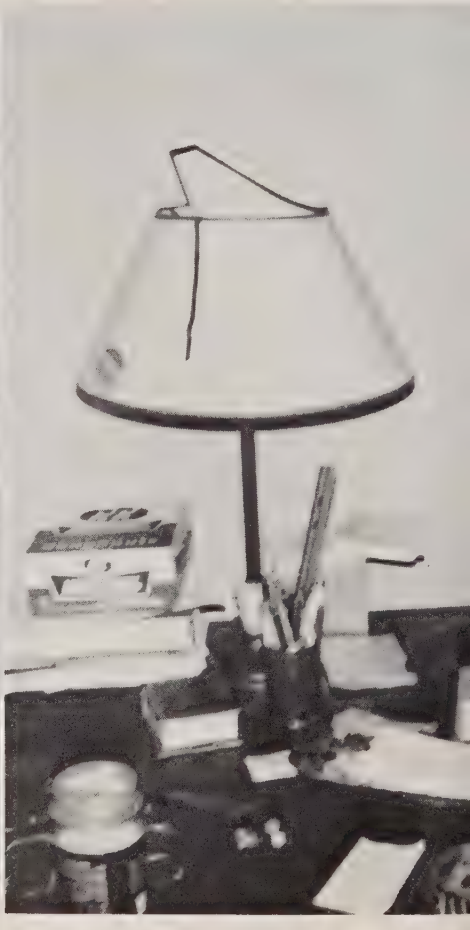
White

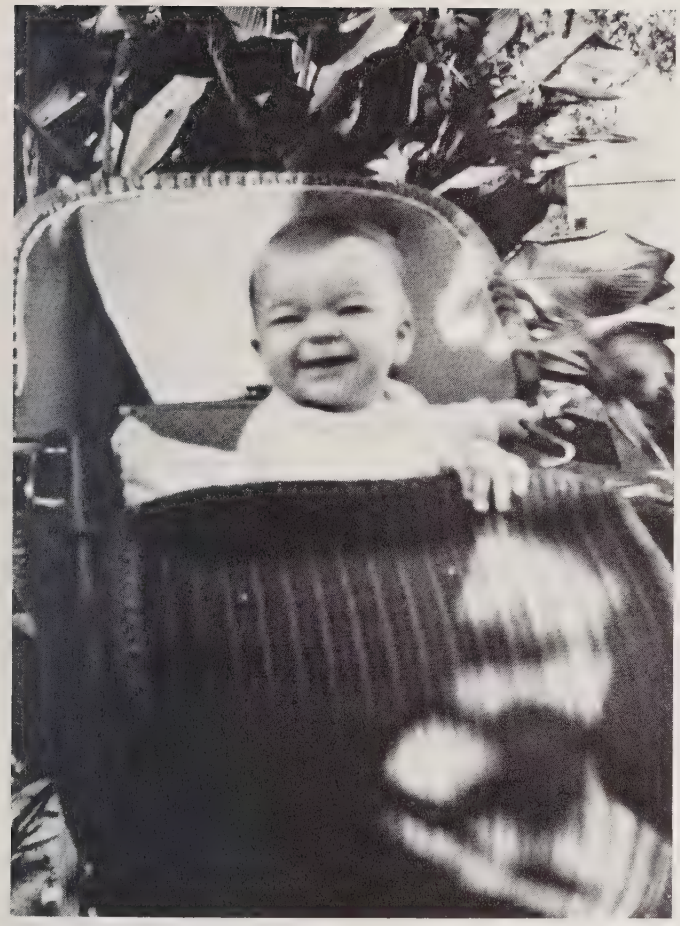
Miss White

Susan

Cap

Cap 1971
Lunsford





Lois Cox Award

". . . How often was I impatient, about to lose heart, about to give up everything, about to seek the fearfully easy way out: despair, But you never lost patience . . ."

Kierkegaard

You were honest

You were kind

You were concerned

You loved and were loved

You offered guidance but never guided

You cared and

You were there

And at all times you were deeply concerned in our identity as individuals as well as nurses.

So, we the senior class present the Lois Cox Award to YOU: Miss Joan Reinhardt.

Seniors Class of 1971

Officers: Myra Jones, Pres.; Carolyn Hardin, Vice-Pres.; Gay Fleming, Sec.; Peggy Shoffner, Treas.; Kathy Barber, Historian.

Sponsors: Mrs. Connie Dewees
Mrs. Patty Hill

Motto: You have to live life to love it, and love life to live it.

Class Flower: Forget-me-not

REBECCA NORMAN ARONHIME
Winston Salem, North Carolina

In my heart, I know where I long to be, so I'll close my eyes till the dawn.

Beck,

What do I say about Becki? She has been my roommate for six months, but I couldn't know her any better if it were three years. What in this world did she do at 5:30 in the morning? Beck, get the screen out of the window. I'll never forget late night talks, no matter how sleepy she always listens — what's the subject tonight, Beck? Gerky, volumnes from Kenny, little feet shuffling down the hall, little notes, — that's Beck.

Beck, it's nice to have you for a friend.

Love ya,
Spell

NANCY CAROL SPELL
Roseboro, North Carolina

Wait world, while I gather up the memories, that make me, me.

Nancy,

Whose turn is it to take the screen out of the window? It has only been a short time but I'll never forget the good times, our walls that have ears, fights with teddy and wabbit, our conversations that start at 1:00 AM, and your famous last words, "The foil doesn't melt, Beck." Yes, Nancy Carol, it has been a short time but what wonderful memories we have made to look back on.

Love ya, Nancy Carol,
Beck

MARGARET GAIL BALL
Cherokee, North Carolina

What is a Margaret? . . . A person who has red brown hair, white skin, who reads books a lot, who loves Glenn, who drinks only Mountain Dews, who plays badminton with you, yes, Margaret is a friend.

Delancey and Barber

PATRICIA McCULLEN LEE
Four Oaks, North Carolina

P.L.,

There are so many happenings since we first began our friendship, I just couldn't name all the experiences, we've helped each other through many a crisis, and I have the feeling we'll always do so. You're a born leader, Pat, and your work is that of perfection. I wouldn't change you for the world. Your only problem is your tendency to misplace things — you'd better correct that, and YOU know what I mean. — And oh yes, please refrain from the nude photographs from now on — it creates a poor impression . . .

HOCK

KATHY LARUE BARBER
Gibsonville, North Carolina

Kathy,

Three years of memories. Dog's Heaven? . . . Durham Nursery School . . . Interns and Residents . . . "Goodbye, Mr. Chips" . . . "Annie" . . . Apartment Hunting . . . Scary Movies . . ."Graduation" . . .

Delancey

KAREN ELIZABETH DELANCEY
Ruffin, North Carolina

Karen,

Do you remember: accidentally calling the OR to see what was playing at the movies, our late night conversations about some of our favorite people, Annie, FUNNY GIRL, Rod McKuen, our little man in the Corvette, apartment shopping, and your ill-fated wide brimmed hat? These are just a few of the many remembrances I have accumulated over the last three years. I hope they have been as enjoyable for you as they were for me. Best of luck always.

Barber.

LINDA AVERETTE BASS
Oxford, North Carolina

Dear Linda,

Christmas cards, a dorm room, potato salad and fried chicken, the Bass brothers, wedding bells, black bands, and hard work . . . We've shared many memories over the past three years. We've covered lots of ground with so much left to cover in the future. Here's hoping we will have even more memories to share then.

To a friend from a friend, all the best of what life has to offer. God bless you.

Love,
Linda

PHYLLIS EDWARDS HOLLOWAY
Chapel Hill, North Carolina

If I can stop one heart from
breaking
I shall not live in vain
If I can ease one life the
aching
Or cool one pain
Or help one fainting Robin
onto his nest again
I shall not live in vain

Phyllis

KATHY ANNE BENSON
Benson, North Carolina

Hey Dick,

Start with a wonderful friend like you and all your thoughtful ways. Tie in some secrets shared and kept and a wind of heartful praise. Mix in a bit of cheering up and favors large and small. Add a good luck but never good-bye and a friendly call. Toss in a small "forgive me, please" and a spell of stormy weather. Warm slowly and carefully through the years just doing things together. Then top it off with a great big smile and a sprinkle of dreams come true and you will have the kind of friendship that I've known since I met you.

We've had some good times, Dick. Remember our Ward G specials, our many "friendly arguments", the night before Black-Banding 1970 and telling all your secrets. Remember Black-Banding 1971, our "little sisters" and Graduation, May 14, 1971.

Love, Capps

KAREN ARLENE CAPPS
Mebane, North Carolina

Capps,

Remember Ward G . . . "Oh Dear, please help me" . . . "What we need is fire and brimstone" . . . Remember trying to crank "that thare" Plymouth . . . Remember the numerous times you "fell asleep" in the tube room . . . Remember "Hey Dick" . . . Remember our little excursions at Butner . . . Remember your hogging the bed and snoring at the beach . . . Your first trip to Johnston County and our "friendly falling outs." There are so many moments to remember now that we're leaving Watts. I just hope that we don't forget any of them in the future. "Good luck, Dick".

Love,
Benson

MARJORIE COLE COWARD
Oxford, North Carolina

"I want to live, live and let live, I want to love, love and let love."

Margie,

Today you're sitting on a rainbow. You have fulfilled your dreams as a graduate nurse. Were there times when the reality of graduation seemed a mirage? Then we did have fun. Ward F, I shall never forget without thinking of you. If all people expressed themselves as you what a beautiful world this would be. Patience is another virtue of yours. How can you tolerate us so smoothly? Sharing secrets and our tete a tete sessions were enlightening and beneficial to me. You have a way of making others feel wanted and important.

Never to forget the lovely person you are . . . I'll not say goodbye . . . only so long.

Sincerely,
Beth

ELIZABETH ANNE WARD
Nakina, North Carolina

"It is not what he has, nor even what he does, which directly expresses the worth of a man, but what he is."
Henri-Frederic Amiel

Beth,

A perfect description of the graduate nurse: a teacher, a coordinator, and last but not least a communicator. "My, what a communicator." It will take you places . . . or has it already?

I shall remember our times together. It's a wonder Ward F still stands. Oh, the smiles as the Orthopods approach.

It is hard to leave but it's that time. I'll just say "Good luck in the Navy." The world is yours.

A friend always,
Margie

GABRIELLE FLEMING
Doylestown, Pennsylvania

Gay,

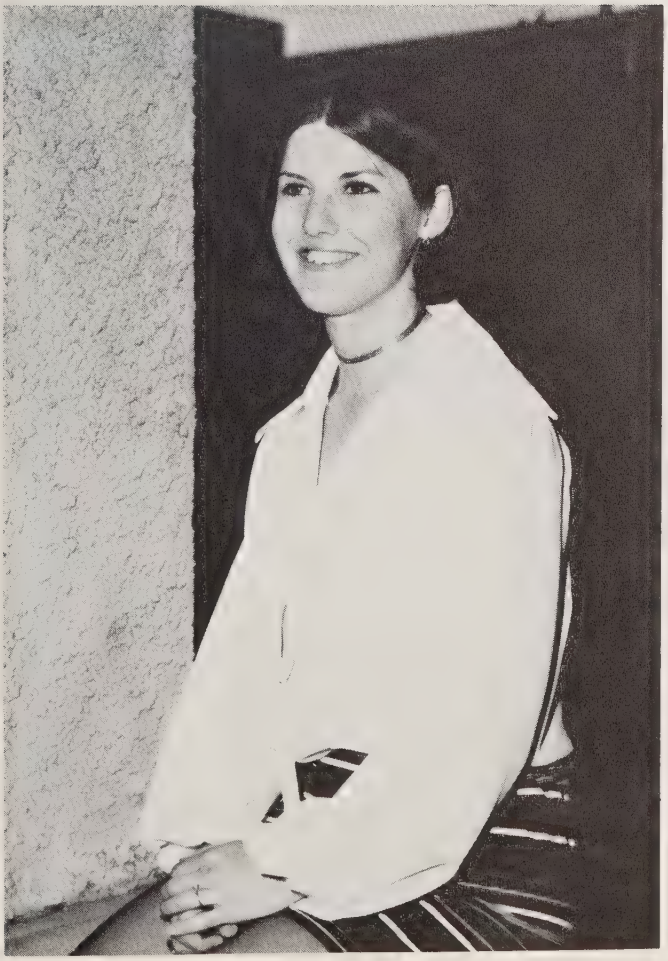
These past three years have brought good days and bad days — all memories — some of which will be thought of as experiences from which to learn while planning for the future.

Remember Butner and Grand Rounds — you sure did a lot of writing — Jim, Jim, Jim . . . Wonder who's pictures that was you slept with? Henry and I were really, sincerely and honestly sorry we interrupted you and Jim behind the Elk's Club. Did you ever get started?

You're a good friend, Gay, and you have been a good listener during troubled times. I hope we'll keep in touch as the years go by, and if you and Jim decide "to make it legal," Henry and I will know where to go to get our teeth cleaned, "free".

Best wishes to you as you practice your profession "faithfully."

Love, Kathy



KATHERINE LAVERNE MILLER
Goldsboro, North Carolina

Kathy,

Always remember the good times and the bad because there sure were plenty of both. Thanks for being such a true friend in a time of need. If we both live through May 29, it will be a miracle (well worth it, though). I sure hope someone gives you something to stir the drinks with at your reception. Jim doesn't think Henry's "glasses" are too aseptic — I think they add to the flavor. Good luck in Tennessee and please always keep in touch.

Love,
Gay

CAROLYN JEAN HARDIN
Canton, North Carolina

"It is not what the world gives me in honor, praise, of gold; It is what I do give the world, so others do unfold" . . . R. F. Wolfe

Carolyn,

The time has come for us to go in our seperate directions. I hope these past three years will bring back fond memories of Wyche and Hill House events. Maybe this is the appropriate time for me to say "thank you" for your helping hand and your many hours of concern. I will never forget the time that I wanted to quit nursing but you always gave me the courage to fight on. Remember to pull your bed away from the wall to prevent your friendly creatures sleeping with you . . . Best of luck in the coming years. Don't forget to keep in touch. Your roommate and friend,

Sandy

SANDRA LEIGH TAYLOR
Red Oak, North Carolina

"A friend hath the skill and observation of the best physician; the diligence and vigilance of the best nurse; and the tenderness and patience of the best mother." Clarendon

Sandy,

I don't exactly know how to put into one paragraph all the things which have happened over the last three years — two of which we have spent as roomies. We've had our ups and downs like all other roommates but no friendship is perfect-like no people are perfect. Some of the more prominent of my fond memories include: our midnight gab sessions and snacks, the week-end I went home with you, Butner, "studying" for exams, you making fun of my "bugs," you interested and willing to listen to my problems, and our experience on Wards M and G together as seniors. It hardly seems possible that graduation is here and our paths must part. Good luck to you and Kolby.

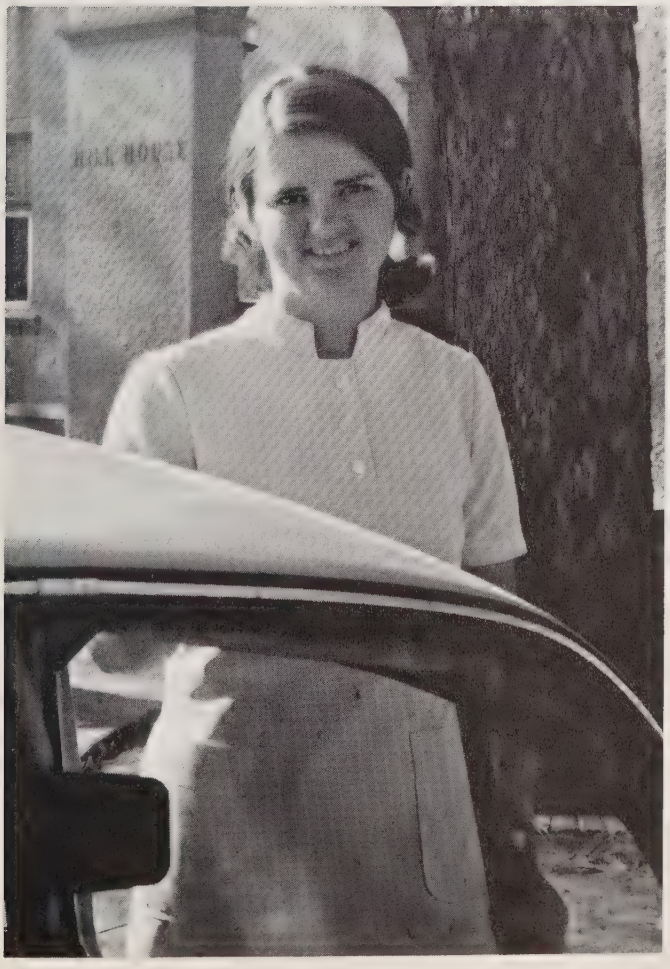
A friend always,
Carolyn

CHERYL SUZANNE FOY
Greensboro, North Carolina

To Cheryl,

Remember all our good times, over-look our bad, and look forward to the future. But I would ask you to always remember and think fondly of: our freshman year which included studying till early hours for exams, watching the academy awards from inside my closet, and all the anxiety we experienced waiting for exams to be over so we could move on to our second year at Watts. We became room-mates as Juniors. What a good influence I was with my neat and orderly side of the room. As Seniors, we grumbled our way thru Med-Surg, laughed and "studied" our way thru psych (always the night before tests), and together we were both guided thru leadership (Whether we wanted it or not). Be good, don't sink the Navy, and remember me as I am — always the first to see the storm and the first who'll tell it like it is.

Slade (Mrs.)



CATHY ALLIGOOD SLADE
Washington, North Carolina

Slade,

Things to Remember — slipping down the hall to watch T.V. during close study, studying hard (?) for exams, discussing Q.P. with Gay, the decision to move across the hall, the Top Hat crowd, those Sunday 2am talks, redoing drug cards for G.B., your love for Country music, the dances at Butner, team leaders, being sure to take all your pills, talking to Mike in your absence and most of all your on going love for Mike.

Cheryl

JACQUELINE ALEANE HARRIS
Roxboro, North Carolina

A true friend is the best possession.

Jackie,

Words can't describe our three years together and the good times . . . the walks to Duke . . . closed study . . . Saturday labs and Carolina football games . . . a blue VW and Tyra our Senior year . . . the days at Butner. Most of all, remember our friendship.

Karen

KAREN MARIE NEWHOUSE
Danville, Virginia

What I'll always remember about Karen:
Freckles . . . the triple room our freshman year . . . her contact lens (even one with a black dot on it). . . . her wild dates . . . our long walks . . . the Navy . . . A guy named Larry . . . her blue Fiat that we rode so many times from Butner to Durham . . . and more freckles.

J. Harris

MYRA ELAINE JONES
Graham, North Carolina

Myra,

Do you remember . . . "cat naps between classes our freshman year . . . Capping . . . Moving into Hill House beside the kitchen . . . Our "clanking sink" — no hot water for two years . . . thousands of coke bottles collecting in our room, popping popcorn . . . our last night at Butner . . . Senior projects . . . Barney, motorbikes, beach trips and "our honeys" —

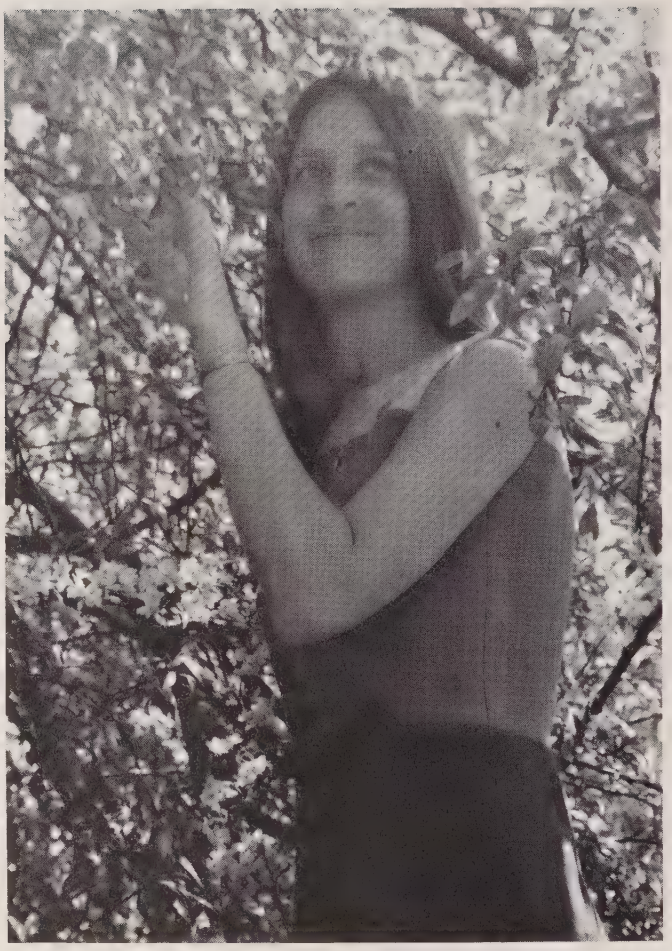
Our nursing school days are over — but the memories will linger forever.

Peggy

PEGGY BOWMAN SHOFFNER
Julian, North Carolina

Days with Peg
Freshman year — Popcorn
Junior year — Popcorn and Coke
Senior year — Popcorn and Larry
In Between — Friendship

Myra



KITTY LOU JOYNER
Miami, Florida

Dear Kitty,

The first day we set foot in these halls we met the Miami kid with the quick wit and the knobby knees. We didn't know much about this foreigner at first, but over the past three years we have grown to love her. Through many laughs . . . and many tears . . . we have emerged, all three of us somewhat better able to tread water in the river of life.

Kitty, may God always bless and keep you. We will treasure your friendship always.

With love,
Joan and Linda

MARGARET MOORE MATHESON
Timberlake, North Carolina

Dear Margaret,

Where do I begin? Grammar school, high school, Watts. We've shared them all. Banging on the walls at lam. in Wyche House, talks at night. Have you locked the door, set the alarms? Obsessive-compulsive. Then came JUH and wedding plans. It was fun.

Now that the end is here, I will surely miss you. May God bless and keep you. I will hold dear our friendship always.

With love,
Joan

SUSAN JANE LUNSFORD
Timberlake, North Carolina

"Charity is a virtue of the heart and not of the hands."

Sue,

Remember all those hours you spent brushing your teeth while I "tried" to sleep . . . All those nights we spent "studying" during closed study and especially the night we got caught with almost the whole dorm in our room. The first time we tried to put on our bibs and aprons . . . Your little pink jackass named Matheson, all those pennies you've saved over the years for Robert's wedding band, the Saturday we got snowed in, crawling around on the floor looking for your contacts, those philosophical discussions we had about religion, all those anniversaries that went by for both of us, those delicious cookies your mother used to bake, Mary at Butner, Mark Eden. Remember all these things with sadness and joy . . . I do.

Cathy

CATHERINE JANE MATHESON
Rougemont, North Carolina

Cathy,

Remember the good times — "Fourteen-thirty two Franklin Park Circle Hero", Lindberg, Jr., the major offenses in Wyche House, Senior Raid — 1969, Capping, the big move to Hill House, lights with towels hung over them, Butner and cute Mr. Smith, Christmas Caroling, May 14, 1971 —, a certain baseball player and your love for him, All this and much more. A great three years.

The best to you always,
Susan Lunsford

JOAN CAROL MILLER
Timberlake, North Carolina

Dear Joan,

How can I write down on paper friendship which has been accumulating for nearly three years? We have shared so much. I honestly can't think that one can write down things like understanding, companionship, of love . . . because it is only through experiencing these things that we know them. All I can say is thank you for being there to cut up with or to talk seriously about things important to both of us, and let's not let our friendship end with a letter in a yearbook.

I hope your future will bring you much happiness. God bless and keep you.

Love,
Linda

LINDA AILEEN SWAIN
Winston Salem, North Carolina

Dear Linda,

"God never loved me in so sweet a way before,
'Tis He alone who can such blessings send.
And when His love would new expressions find, He brought thee to me and He said — 'Behold a friend'."

When I first met Linda Swain, I didn't know her at all, but as time passed I grew to love her dearly. The going was rough at times, but the good always out-weighted the bad. Remember the long talks about special people, the planning, and excitement. Now that the end is here may,

"God keep watch 'Tween thee and me, This is my prayer; He looks thy way. He looketh mine. And keeps us near."

With love,
Joan

INA ELIZABETH POLK
Plymouth, North Carolina

Ina,

It has been a long hard road but every minute unforgettable. I'll never forget studying like crazy to pass our OB exam and how depressing it was to make a bad grade. I hope that in the future the nursing profession will bring you happiness and maybe even a husband. Never forget these short two and one-half years because in them we've lots of cherished memories.

Gail

CHRISTINE GAIL STRICKLAND
Graham, North Carolina

Gail,

Friendship is a thing most necessary to life, since without friends no one would choose to live, though possessed of all other advantages. Gail, you've truly been a friend . . . one willing to listen and render assistance. You have done the most a friend can do . . . by imply being a friend.

Ina

Memories . . .

Basketball game with the Darling Docs

Let's go sing to the Freshmen

Butner

Tacky Roo; Hey, Dick

Our last Christmas caroling

Haufbrau

It's snowing — we're campused; strange,
the dorm sure is empty

Little sisters

Tragedy

Banana splits from Eckerds

Our Instructors

Class meetings — Oh, God forbid

Team Leading

Greatest White Cap dance ever

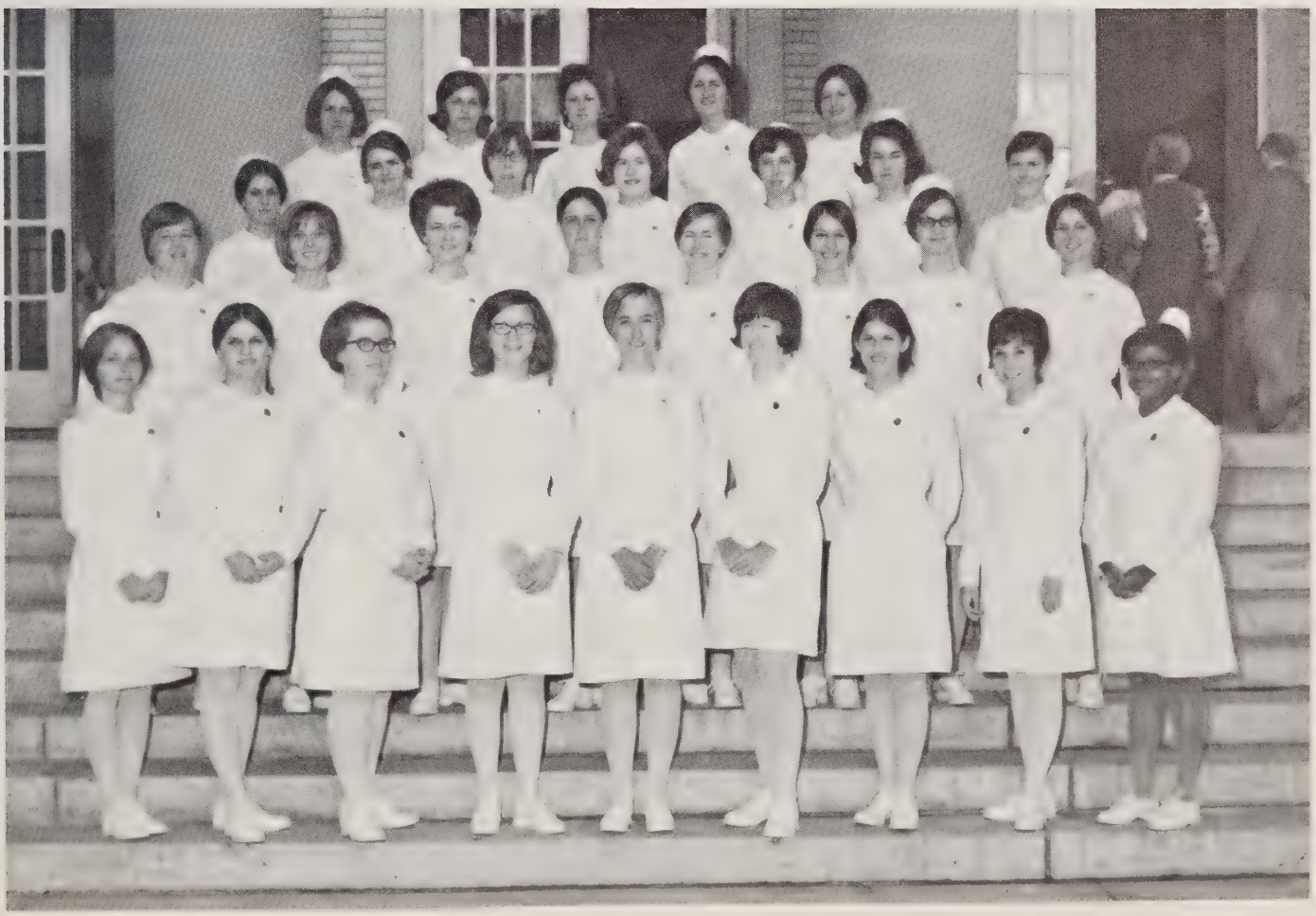
Ward G — "Fire and Brimestone"

Apartment hunting

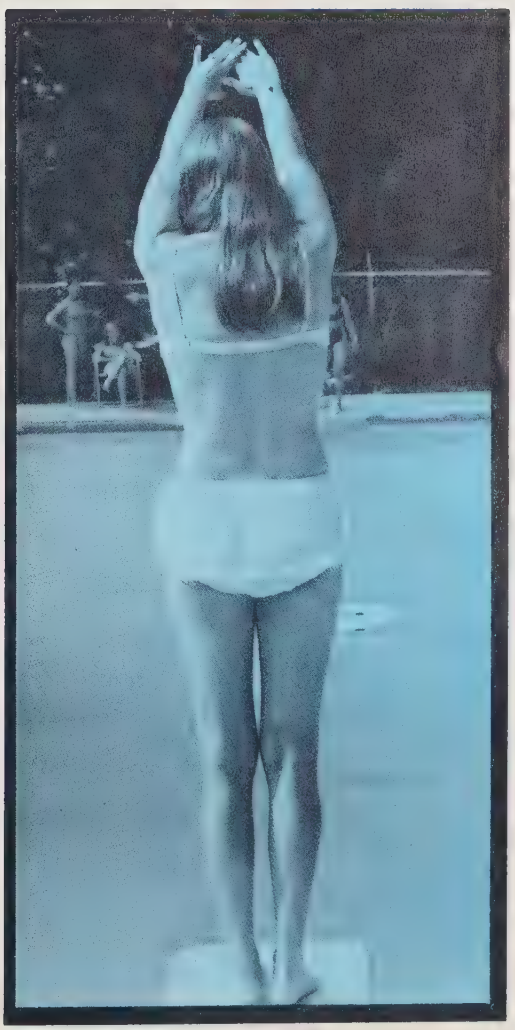
Graduation, May 14, 1971

Misty eyes saying goodbye to
"roomies" and friends

Graduation
May 14
Class
Of
1971



June 21

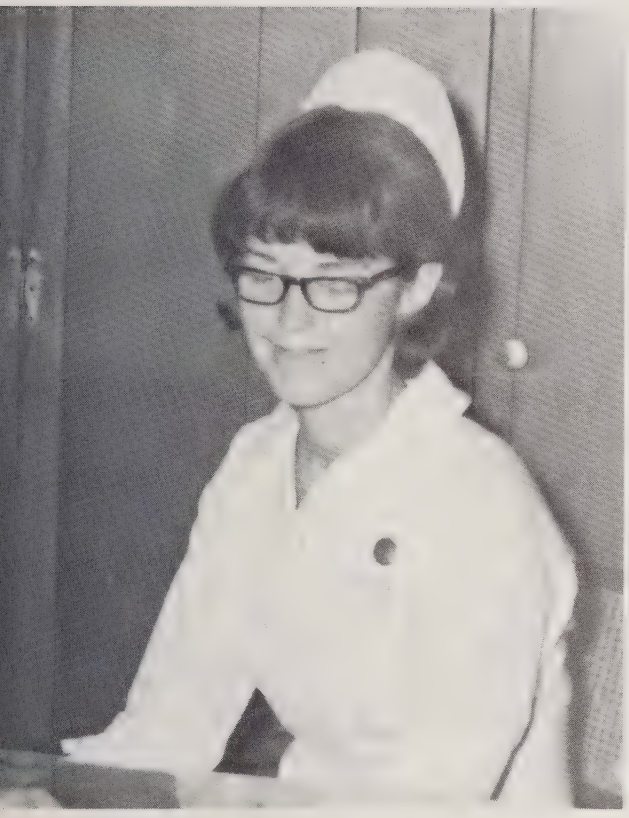


Mrs. Brady and Mrs. Brooks
Medical-Surgical Nursing

The eye—it cannot but see;
We cannot bid the ear be still;
Our bodies feel, when'er they be,
Against and with our will.
Nor less I deem that there are
Powers
Which of themselves our minds
impress;
That we can feed this mind of ours
In a wise passiveness.

Mrs. Pierce and
Nursing

Miss Reinhardt and
Nursing



Mrs. Perkins

Fundamentals

Miss Faulkner and Mrs. Holloway

Medical-Surgical Nursing

Mrs. Robeson

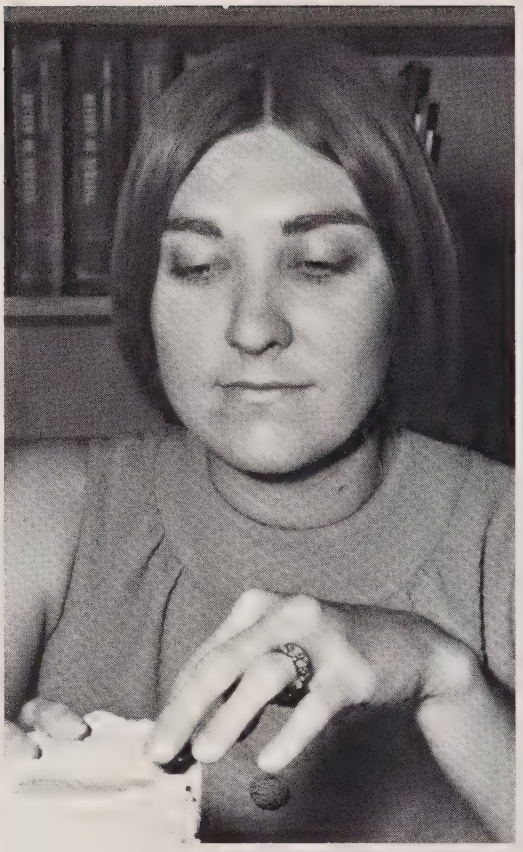
Fundamentals

Mrs. Beogli

Surgical Nursing

Mrs. Sutton and Mrs. Laudermilk

Obstetrics

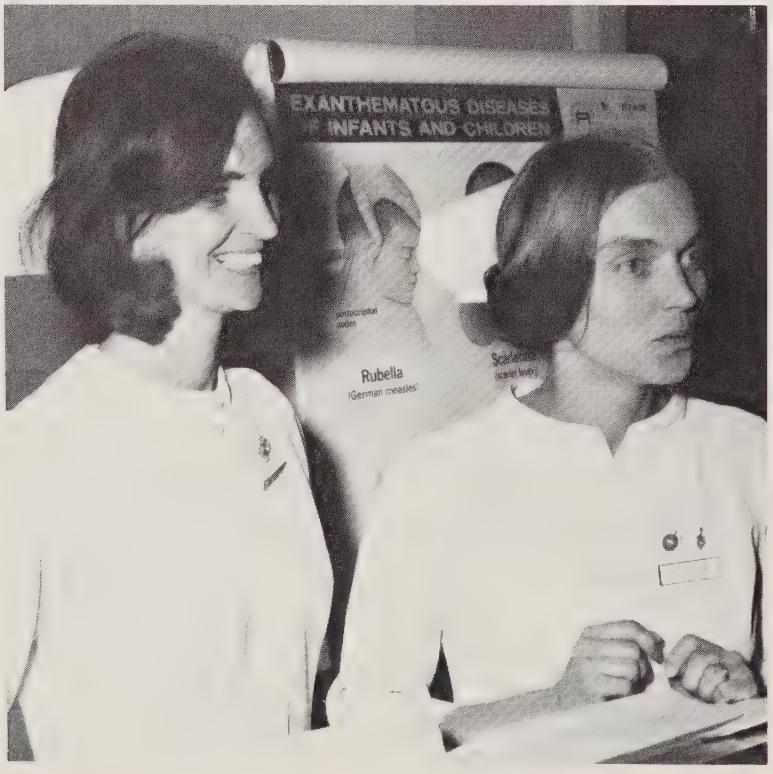


Mrs. Matusik

Librarian

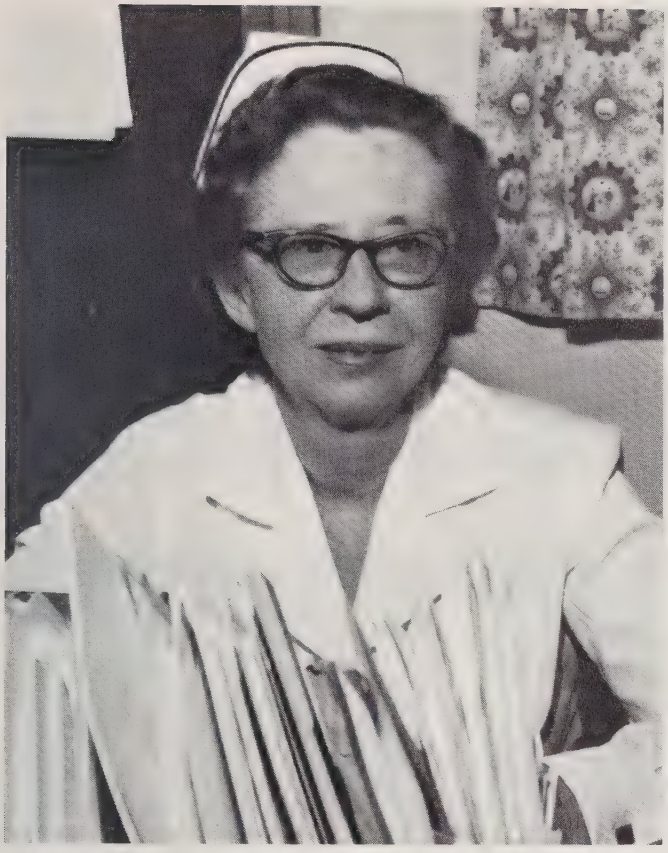
Mrs. Ness

Recreation



Mrs. Hill and Mrs. Dewes

Pediatrics

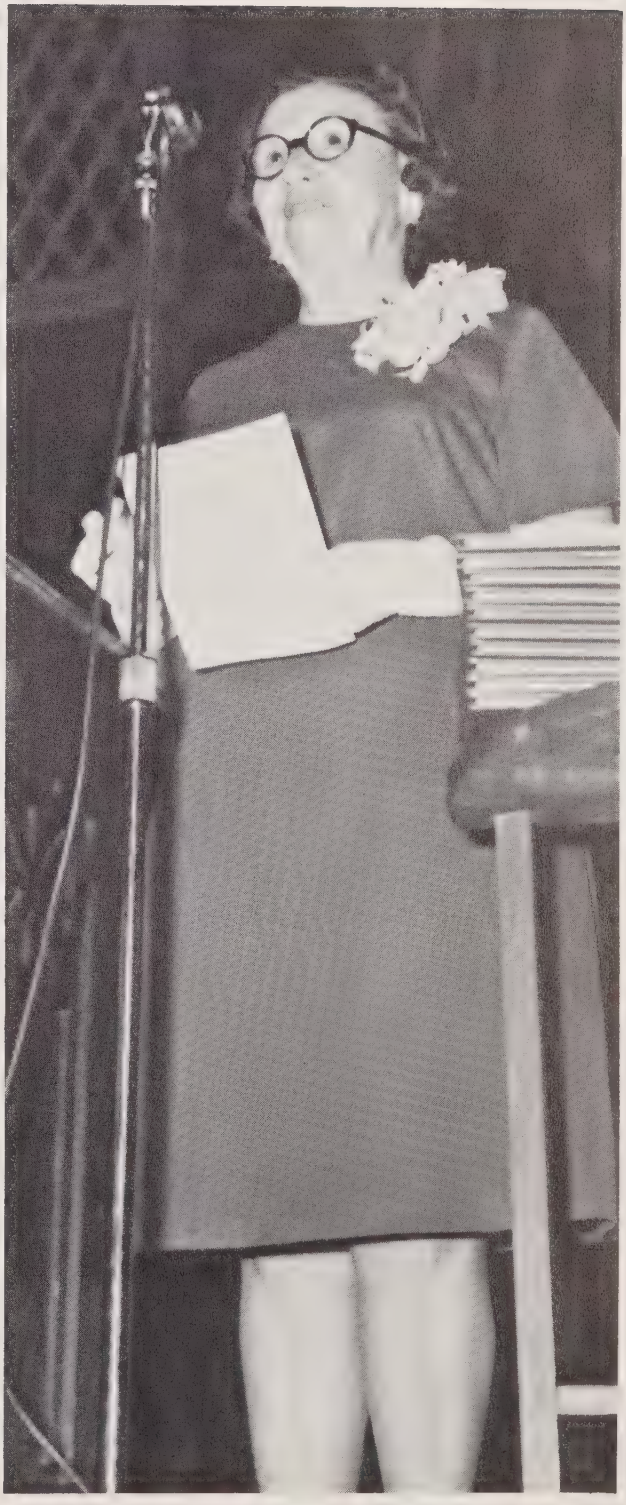


Mrs. Cecile Zunner

Director of Nursing Education

Mrs. Hunt

Secretary Nursing School



Mrs. Lucille Holsinger

Director of Nursing

Student Government

1. Advisor: Miss Reinhardt
2. Pres.: Pat Lee
3. 1st Vice-Pres.: Susan Lunsford
4. 2nd Vice-Pres.: Vicky Crutchfield
5. Secretary: Lynn Norfolk
6. Treas.: Shirley Horton

Glee Club

Christian Student Union

Student Nurses Association

White Cap Staff

Editors

Nancy Spell and Karen Newhouse

Freshmen, Junior and Senior staff with Advisor Miss Reinhardt

What is Dedication?

Is it giving up for the meaningful

devotion

a philosophy

a way of life

I had devoted the labor of my whole life, and had dedicated my intellect . . . to the slow and elaborate toil of constructing one single work . . . DeQuincey

A night of memories and of sighs I consecrate to Thee . . . Landor

And nothing God can do shall pierce your peace, my friend . . . Benson

The White Cap Staff dedicates the 1971 White Cap Annual to Miss Joan Reinhardt for she is Dedication.

Another year at Watts . . . 365 days of becoming a student nurse, learning specialized areas of nursing and perfecting nursing arts.

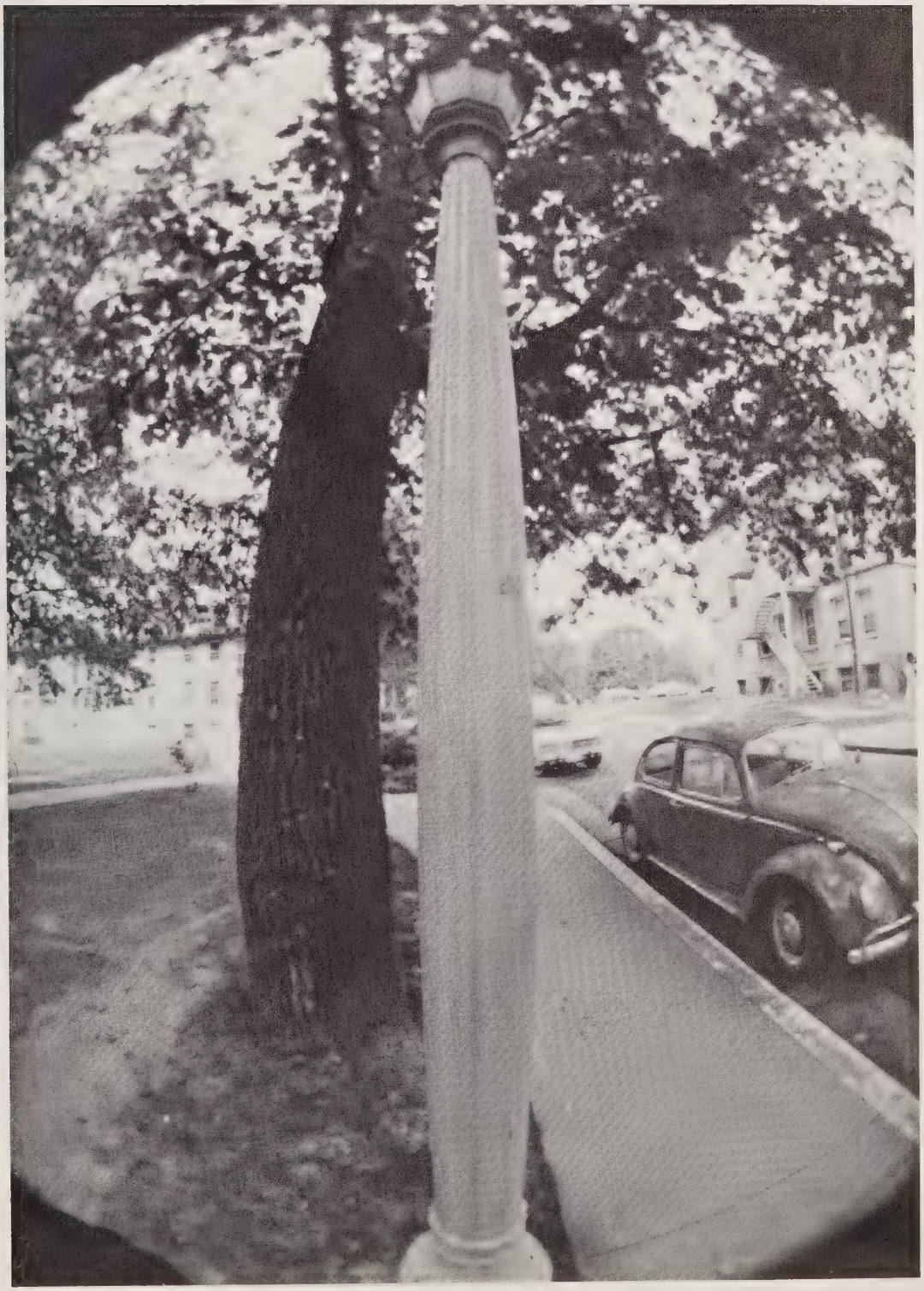
A new class entered and donned new white uniforms. It's a little sad to watch the old blue and white become untraditional. But, they will be Watts nurses no matter what color their uniform is.

The junior class became "Big Sister" and soon found it's difficult to set examples and be the leaders with followers. They found themselves engulfed by the mystery of life in a delivery room and the ever present threat of death in an operating room. They learned compassion and tender firmness while caring for a sick child.

The seniors dared to wear black bands on their caps. They searched their own souls and minds as they studied the dark world of mental illness. They learned the total realm of nursing when they took charge of wards and carried out their duties as team leaders effectively. As the 365 days dwindled down to 50; 30; 10; then graduation day, they found themselves with ambivalent feelings about leaving. They had grown into their role as nurses in those dorms, class rooms and wards. They had met and loved friends here that they would never forget and parting from them was the most traumatic part of graduation. But, they stripped off their black bands and passed that tradition to their little sisters.

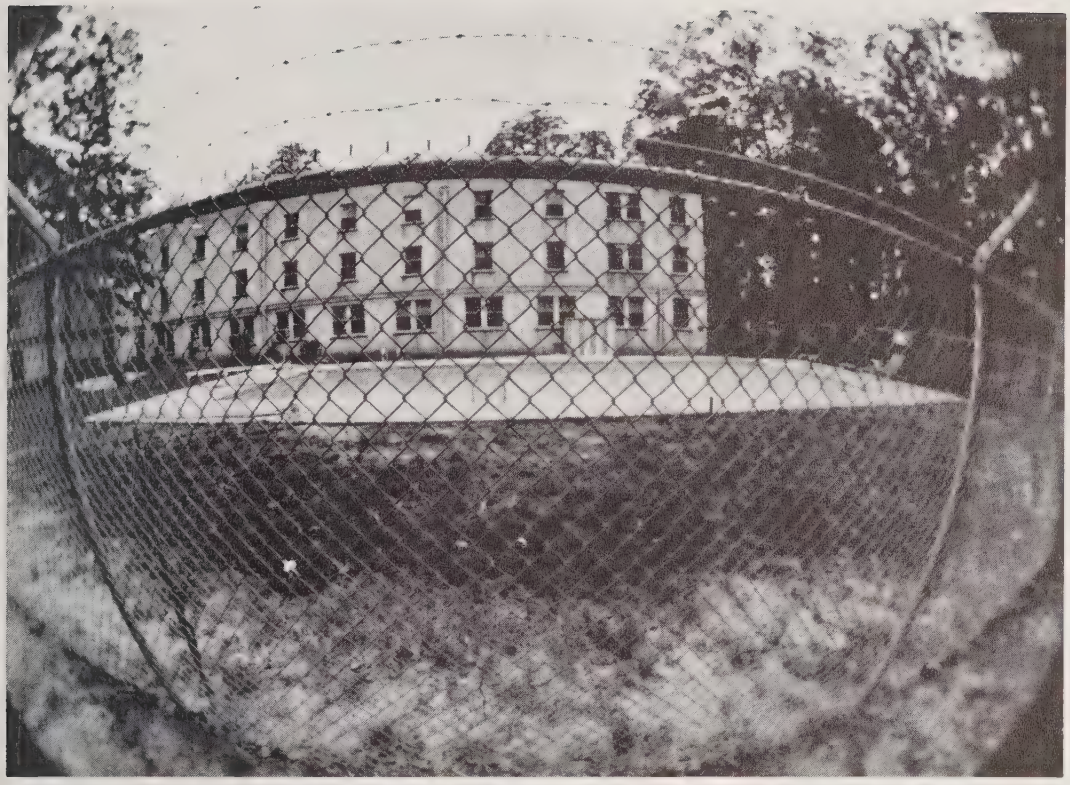
The year, 1971, at Watts is never to be forgotten. It will be remembered differently by each of us who was part of it. Tragedy shrouded us as we lost a member of our school. Through love and deep friendship we kept each other together in those black days.

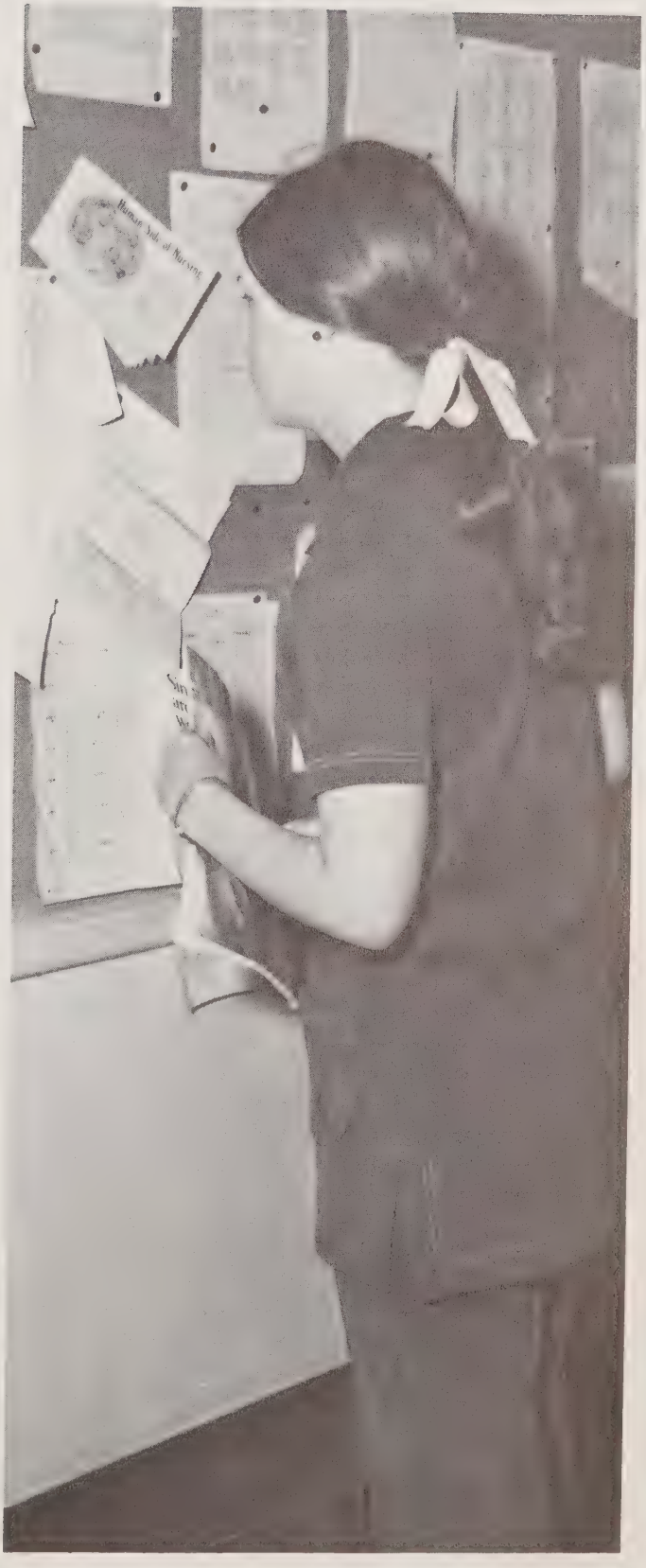
Each of those 365 days held it's own mystery. They are history now but never to be forgotten.

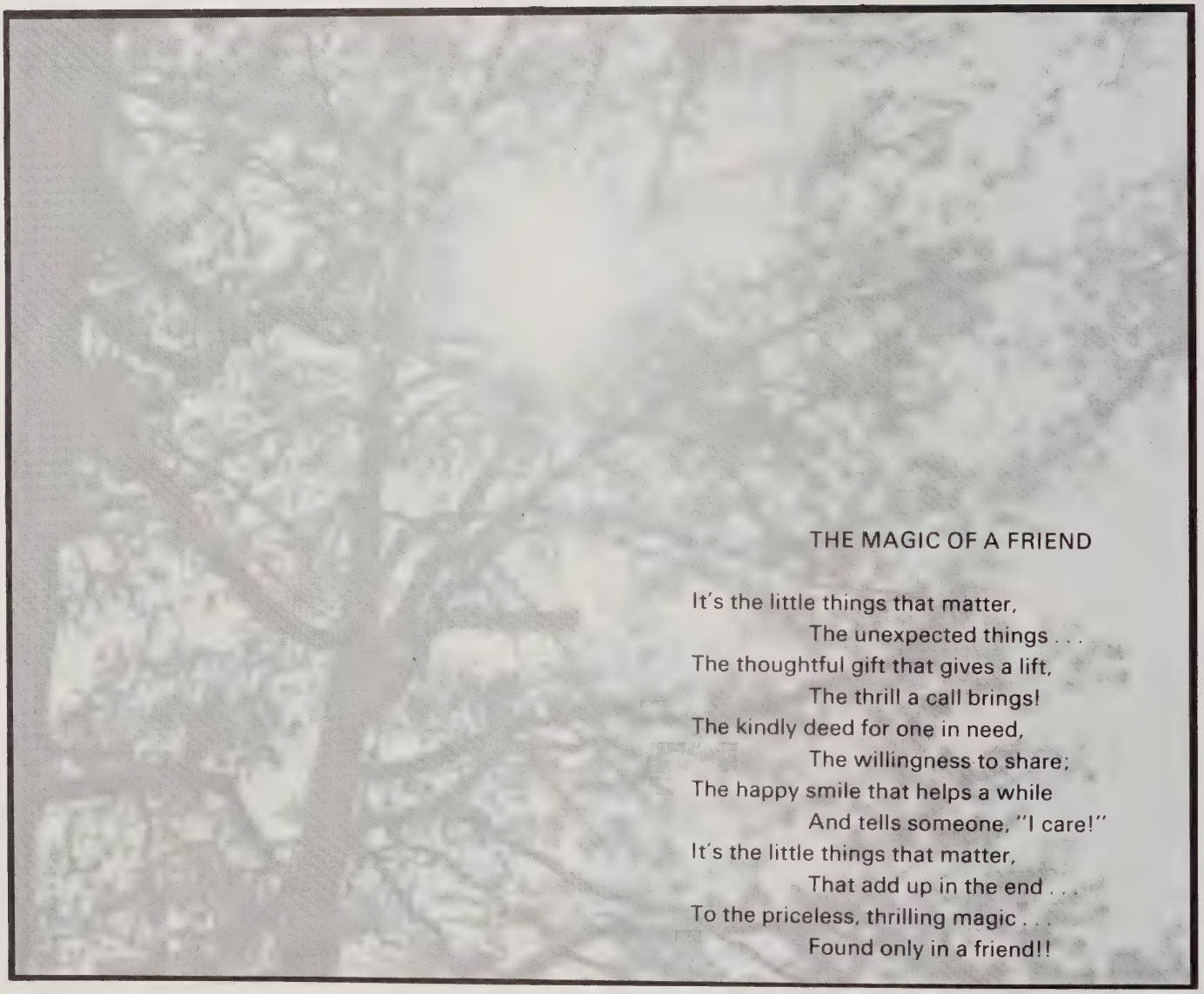


I walked away today and turned only briefly to focus on the past. There, vividly magnified in my memories was a blueprint of all the days I had spent. The first days were the hardest, but they were also the most challenging. Those days were to form the foundation of my blueprint, the guidelines of my expectations. I was unsure of myself in the beginning but my fears and insecurities soon faded beneath a sea of overwhelming understanding of myself and my duty. I learned about life in those days . . . how it could be so beautifully produced and so silently taken away. The framework of my purpose was finally beginning to take shape, producing a meaningful pattern in my life. The last days went by much too quickly. My mind and hands had become skilled over the many long days of work and study. But, I knew the foundation was strong, the framework sturdy and the finishings were of the finest quality. My blueprint was finished, even down to the small corner designated . . . "To remember friends by" . . . This is my blueprint, this is my life . . .

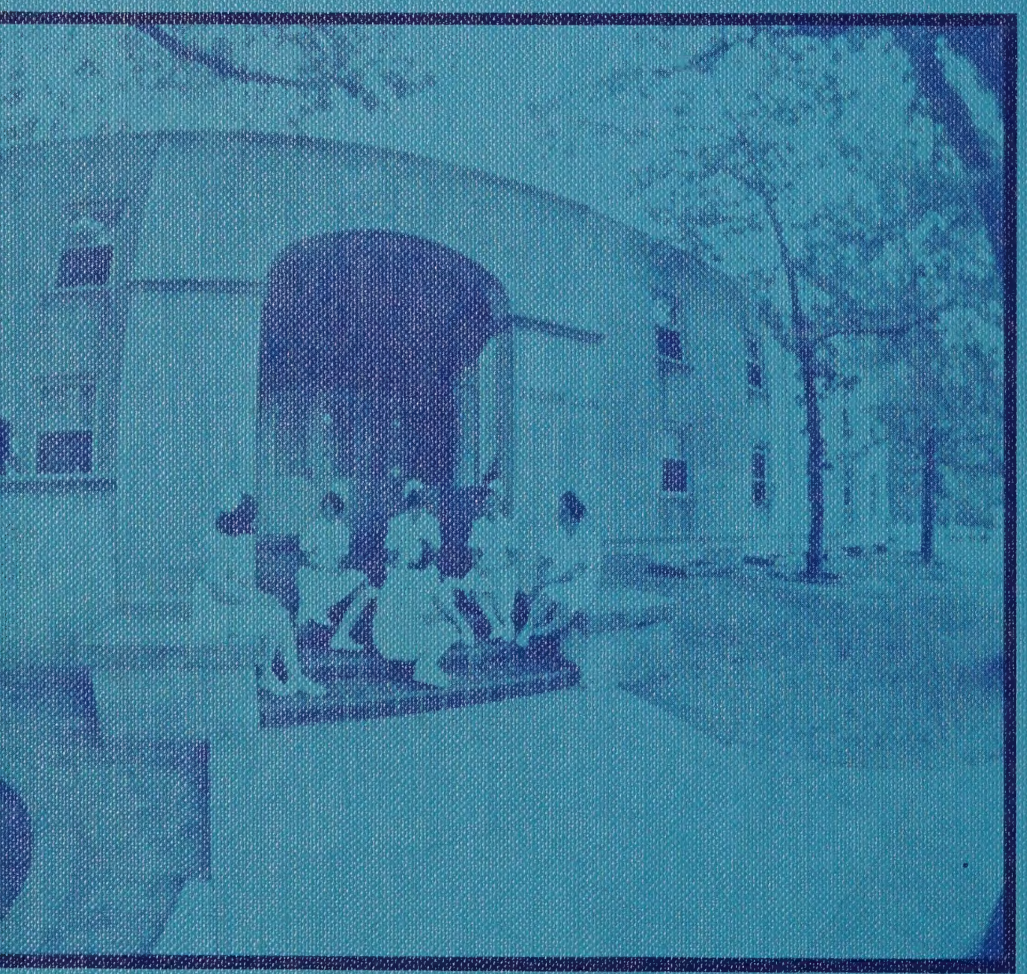
HILL HOUSE







THE MAGIC OF A FRIEND

It's the little things that matter,
The unexpected things . . .
The thoughtful gift that gives a lift,
The thrill a call brings!
The kindly deed for one in need,
The willingness to share;
The happy smile that helps a while
And tells someone, "I care!"
It's the little things that matter,
That add up in the end . . .
To the priceless, thrilling magic . . .
Found only in a friend!!

In Memoriam . . .
Patricia Ann Mann